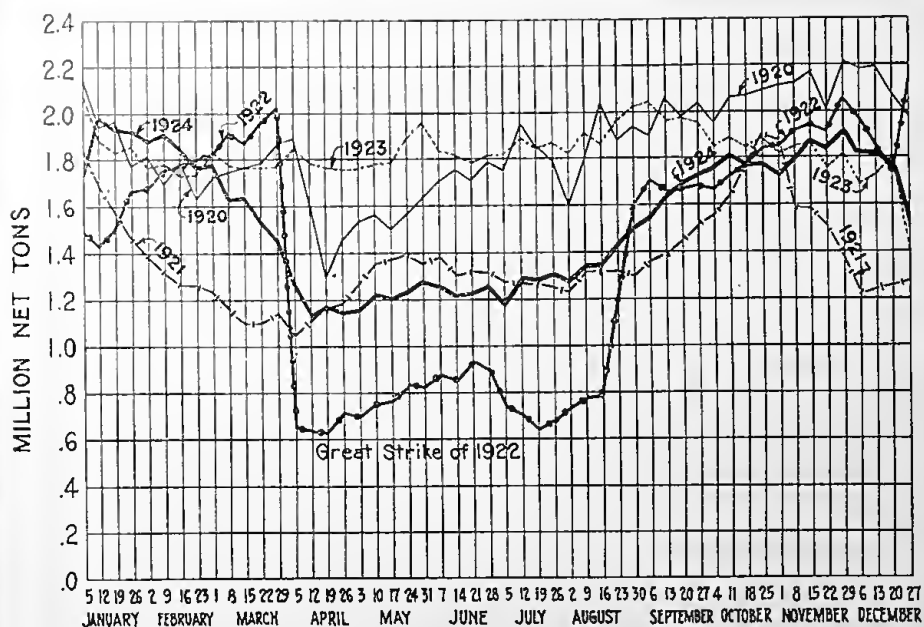


EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Washington Union Coal Company.



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EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company

Washington Union Coal Company

VOLUME 2

FEBRUARY, 1925

NUMBER 2

Our 1925 Achievements

THE EMPLOYEES of The Union Pacific Coal Company deserve credit for much good work accomplished in 1924, included in which was the organization of a base ball league, which sent its crack team from Reliance to Ogden to give battle to the Ogden "Gunners," champions of the Utah-Idaho State league. The 1925 League is now organizing, and much healthful sport will result from their activities. Then there is the Cumberland band, now full fledged, and the Superior band is coming fast. Which camp will be next to breeze into line?

The Rocky Mountain Coal Mining Institute, which met at Rock Springs August 7-9, was a real convention, the first one held by the Institute in a mining town. The manner in which it went off fixed a new policy and standard for the Institute, and Utah is to have the 1925 Summer Meet. The boys all deserve credit for good work done, and the Rescue teams and First Aid men made new high records.

One of the finest things accomplished was the amplification of the Boy Scout Annual Outing held at New Fork Lake in July, and the subsequent arrival of the great avalanche of Girl Scouts, who, like a swarm of butterflies, settled down on the camp site the hour after that fixed for the Boy Scouts' evacuation, August 2nd. What a time the girls had in their first camp, an institution which has also become a fixture in our girls' lives. Watch out for the 1925 camp. It is to be a wonder.

Through the good work long ago started and carried on by men and women who realized the beauty of service, our outside mining towns have maintained religious services and Sunday instruction for children and youths. This faithful effort was given a wonderful impetus in October by the invitation, extended through the Womans Club of Rock Springs, seconded by the entire clergy of the city, to Mrs. Carl R. Gray of Omaha, a Bible teacher of national fame, in which Mrs. Gray was requested to deliver a series of Bible talks, non-sectarian in character, in Rock Springs. The response was

most wonderful, the fourth and last meeting held at Green River. Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of Mrs. Gray's work was that expressed through the spontaneously united support given the meeting by the clergy of the district without regard to denominational lines.

Youth will have its fling, and the ice rinks installed late in the fall at Superior, Cumberland and Rock Springs have furnished much wholesome sport for young and old.

The achievements above mentioned, with many others, were not those of the employer but of the employes, the real soul of any industry. They speak a wholesome, healthful attitude toward life, expressed in an intention to make it livable and lovable, and best of all is the fixed opinion that the job has just got under way.

Our Monthly Review of the Poets

THE REVIEWS of the life and work of Robert Burns, by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Pryde, in the January Magazine have resulted in so many favorable comments that it has been decided to make a similar review of some outstanding poet a monthly feature of the Magazine for 1925, the poet chosen for review to be one whose birthday comes within the month.

Poetry has invariably expressed what is best in mankind from the very beginning, and we trust that our little reviews will be helpful to all, perhaps serving in a special way the teachers in their school work.

Our Standardization Program

MR. F. V. HICKS, formerly mining engineer at our Tono Mine, and a graduate in Mining Engineering of the Michigan College of Mines in 1915, with extended experience as an engineer in various capacities, including a period of service with the United States Field Artillery during the great war, was appointed "Engineer of Standards" for The Union Pacific and Washington Union Coal Companies on December 16, 1924.

Mr. Hicks, with the assistance of our regular engineering and operating staff, is working

The EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employes of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employes free of cost, subscription price to other than employes, \$1.00 per year. Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING. JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

out complete standards for construction, maintenance and operating guidance in the several mines, which will be, when completed, published in form for the use of the superintendence forces. Mr. Ilicks, with his wife and two children, are a welcome addition to our family, residing at Rock Springs.

1924 Passes Into History

BEFORE closing the files covering the case of "1924 vs. the People," it may not be amiss to touch on some of the things accomplished.

First of all our general mental attitude and peace of mind was improved by the renewal of the wage contracts in Washington and Wyoming, following the Jacksonville agreement, guaranteeing at least an opportunity for happy wage relations for the three years ending March 31, 1927. We know that as a result of this action, thousands of women and children, as well as their related mine workers, have slept more soundly since this action was taken. Tono, unlike our Wyoming mining territory, is a rather finished job, and outside of certain minor improvements and betterments, there was little room for achievement there, and Washington has climate—and a seashore within driving distance.

In our editorial comment we have scheduled certain movements worked out and accomplished by the employes and their families, and to these may be added mention of the new water plant and distributing system put in at Winton, the new water supply for Reliance, and the preliminary prospecting work well under way for a better water supply for Superior. Then there is the new High School Building at Superior, dedicated January 9th, and Oh! how proud our Superior "Heilander" boys and girls (Superior's elevation 8,000 feet above sea level) are to be in the new school. The illuminated Christmas Trees at Tono and Rock Springs have become a fixed institution, and the *Employees' Magazine*, that really tried to feel out what it could best do in 1924, has become a welcome visitor in every home.

Now we will touch on a few things accomplished that lie close to human life and happiness. We refer to:

1. The substitution of permissible for black powder in the Rock Springs district, marking the end of black powder in our Wyoming mines.
2. The completion of a full installation program for closed electric lamps in our Wyoming mines. The open lamp has also gone.
3. The installation of a shot-lighting system in all Wyoming mines.
4. The organization of a system of life checks in all mines.
5. The installation and working out of a broad rock dusting program.
6. The installation of recording pressure gages at all mines; the creation of the position of "Ventilation Engineer" to give his whole time to ventilation studies and gas analysis; the employment of special men to measure and record air readings each day; the employment of special safety patrol men who travel the working places in the furtherance of safety; the installation of automatic re-starters on fan drives.

Much more has been put into effect, but this will suffice to show very definite progress, and the successful carrying out of the program was made possible by the cheerful co-operation of the men.

Further safety measures will be put into effect from time to time as necessity is developed by the quarterly joint examination of all mines, which the men are assisting in making, a work started in our Wyoming mines in January, 1925, and which has proved its value in Washington, where it has been in vogue for some years.

The Editor Hears from St. Louis

The following letter arrived in the editor's mail a few days ago, and because of the really quite remarkable statistics contained therein we reproduce it:

St. Louis, Missouri,
December 27th, 1924.

Dear Editor:

Just by way of beginning, I am "Doc" from Missouri and have read your December number of the *Employees Magazine*. Sitting here in my office, where the windows look out on a soot-covered city, the story and the pictures on pages 31 and 32 bring to me those few "late Summer Days in the Wind River Range" when the coffee and bacon smelled so good in the morning. Compared to the dark drizzle that meets my gaze at this moment, the cool, bracing air of those mornings on the continental divide seem a far cry, and I wonder how it goes with my friends in Wyoming.

Here we may have our weiners and Kraut.

But oh you crisp young mountain trout.

By now the cabin in the hills must be covered with heavy snows and the elk, bear and other wild life move about unafraid. Now would be the time to take photographs along the travelways with the snow making a beautiful background to bring out the subjects.

Yes, dear Editor, I enjoyed the fishing story, but do you know that a most important part was forgotten or omitted, for what reason I know not. I refer to the result of my observations upon which I based my *ESTIMATE OF THE JACK-RABBIT POPULATION OF WYOMING*.

In the magazine the story ends with the party rolling toward Rock Springs but we were to have a night adventure. I had remarked as we left the foot hills that I had not seen a JACK-RABBIT IN WYOMING. "True," the rest of the boys said, "but you'll see plenty when we get to Eden."

"But why Eden?" said I.

"Well, you see," said Dick, "there's an irrigation project there and of course that means grass and trees and settlers. Also alfalfa and vegetables and lots of things that jack-rabbits like. At first the ranchers think the jack-rabbit is cute and funny but when he brings his sisters and his cousins and his AUNTS the rancher suffers a change of heart and war is declared."

In the late afternoon, we came to Eden and filled up at the Eden Hotel on kind Mrs. Arnett's good chicken dinner. It was dusk when we pulled out for the south and we saw jack-rabbits SURE ENOUGH.

"Look! look! at him, big as a mule, stand up on his hind legs like a man!"

"My what a jump and look at those ears!"

"Look, Doc, there's another!"

"And another!"

"Count 'em, Doc!"

And, dear Editor, I counted them, a somewhat arduous undertaking withal, but stimulating and offering full play for my leanings toward exact and scientific application to the case before me.

The result, you ask? There were one hundred and seventy-four (174) jack-rabbits in thirty-three (33) miles of road. Assuming that we saw them within a strip of land 100 feet wide, there were one hundred and seventy-four (174) rabbits to three hundred and ninety-nine (399) acres, equivalent to forty-three hundredths of one (0.43) jack-rabbit per acre.

Wyoming is a large state, three hundred and fifty (350) miles long by two hundred and fifty (250) miles wide, or in area approximating eighty-seven thousand and five hundred (87,500) square miles. At six hundred and forty (640) acres to the square mile we have

$$87,500 \times 640 = 56,000,000 \text{ acres}$$

and with forty-three hundredths (0.43) of a jack-rabbit per acre we have the result of twenty-four million and eighty thousand (24,080,000) jack-rabbits.

Thus, dear Editor, my conclusion, bearing in mind that the sparse population of the mountain peaks is compensated by the greater numbers of the animals in the verdant valleys. And so they gather along the highways to frolic in and out of the headlight beams of the automobiles and in the long winters they glide happily over the land pure white against the fleecy snow.

And now, believing the story of the fishing trip to be complete, I feel that my duty is done. I intend to return to Wyoming next year if there is by that time room in your fair state for me. I am told that jack-rabbits are mathematicians and if they run into the quadrillions I fear that the citizen population will have to dig in and employ strenuous measures to survive.

Thank you,

"DOC" YOUNG.

100 Union Electric Bldg.,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Editor's Note

Acting under general instructions received by the Editor to refer all mathematical computations to the Engineering Department for check and verification, a check of "Doc's" figures was made and a slight error found, due to his "failure to make allowance for faults and deundations." We are passing the article, which might be corrected by ignoring that last 80,000 Jacks.

Snow

WHAT Wyomingite could ever be happy in a land where there was never snow? Every snow-state man and woman has happy memories of pleasures in childhood and in youth which have, as an inseparable element, snow sparkling in bright winter sunshine or in winter moonlight, which can be as beautiful as the moonlight of the most romantic night in midsummer. What innumerable happy snowshoeing, sleighing, skating and tobogganning parties has the moon shone down on from the deep blue of star-sown Wyoming skies. Happy is the child who lives where snow lies upon the ground during the winter season, and where there is sunshine on winter days.

Last year, when the first snow came, I watched my small nephew of four years greet it from the window. His delight was unbounded. Here was snow, a scarcely remembered friend. Here was the miracle of snow's return. Pretty soon out came the children with their sleds, the true glow of winter in their eyes, the true color of the West in their cheeks, nature's own rouge. The big rolling snowball was once more in the making, and again the snow man was being built up.

We of this part of Wyoming are happy to have snow—a lot of it this year, and natural slides down our hills and nights that are not too cold to slide out of doors.

Dangerous Sense of Humor

"Lost your job as caddy?" said one boy.

"Yep," replied the other. "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."



"And, dear Editor, I counted them."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By Eugene McAuliffe

ON February 27, 1807, was born an American poet whose soft sung words ye' distill a fragrance which grows in volume and sweetness with the passing of the years. The descendant of an English immigrant who came to America in the third quarter of the Seventeenth Century, one hundred years before the resonant words of that great document, the Declaration of Independence, rang in the ears of the English speaking world, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in a little house, still standing, at the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, Portland, Maine; his parents, Stephen and Zilpha (Wadsworth) Longfellow. In 1822 the youth entered Bowdoin College, from whence he was graduated in 1825. Early in 1826 Mr. Longfellow, after giving much thought to the choice of a profession, finally rejecting the law, and likewise the ministry, for which he had strong leanings, sailed for Europe in order to better fit himself for filling a chair of modern languages, which the trustees of Bowdoin proposed creating, and which was offered to him; his studies taking him into Spain, Italy and Germany. Returning to America in 1829 he took up his work of teaching the modern languages, continuing at Bowdoin until 1834, when he resigned to accept a similar position at Harvard University, moving to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

By nature endowed with a high measure of spirituality, this sensitive souled man was stunned by the death of his young wife, which occurred while travelling through Germany in November, 1835. By disposition gentle, studious and sympathetic, Mr. Longfellow's verse was ever devoid of certain characteristics that mark much of the world's poetry. For example, he wrote but one short love-poem, that addressed to his second wife and written in 1845, and while high courage had ever its strong appeal, the poet saw in each example evidence of a spiritual strength rather than a courageous heart, and the crash of arms and the panoply of war appealed to him not at all. Perhaps his vision of true courage is best expressed in that sweetest of ballads, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, the conditions leading up to its composition set forth by the poet in his diary under date of December 30, 1839, which reads:

"I sat 'till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write *The ballad of the Schooner Hesperus*, which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep."

The poignant story of the death of the dauntless skipper and his little daughter, whom he had taken to sea, "to bear him company," will live until the end of time. This example of high but mistaken courage is well expressed in the skipper's answer to the old sailor:

"Then up and spake an old Sailor, had sailed to the Spanish Main,
'I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane.
'Last night, the moon had a golden ring, and tonight no moon we see!'"

We can vision this hardy, courageous, perhaps over-confident, captain as he stood on the deck of his little vessel, the one living man whose word was law in the wild waste of water in which his small ship tossed, weighing his sailor's warning while his eyes swept the sea and the sky, to return but a wordless reply:

"The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scornful laugh laughed he."

and then:

"Down came the storm, and smote amain the vessel in its strength;"

and then again that confidence in self that is of both the heart and the soul:

"Come hither! Come hither, my little daughter, and do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale that ever wind did blow."

After wrapping his daughter in his own seaman's coat, he took the little schooner's wheel and there he was found:

"Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, with his face turned to the skies;"

Meanwhile the little maid's thoughts ran to the Christ:

"who stilled the wave on the Lake of Galilee."

When we read of the *Hesperus* we are unconsciously carried back to the days when the New England sailor, with his clipper-built ships, swift as greyhounds, with masts (cut from the forests of the poet's native state, Maine) so tall as to seem to rake the skies, was the acknowledged king of the seven seas. This was the golden age of maritime America; days when the Stars and Stripes could be seen in the ports of Africa, India and Cathay. Such was the poet's conception of courage as inspired by a Puritan ancestry, which, transplanted to America, established ideals that will live and serve as a benison for all time.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn
buds,
That open in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw
did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"O pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane."

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he drew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote again
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a
frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all, stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming
snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the
wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe.

Among the lesser poems by Longfellow, mention should be made of the psalm, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, written, as said by the poet, on

"A beautiful holy morning—wrote with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes."

On his way from his home in Cambridge to the college where he taught in 1839, the poet passed, daily, the shop of the village blacksmith. The great over-spreading chestnut tree which sheltered the little smithy was cut down in 1876, after it had become unsafe from great age, and the smith:

"A mighty man,
His brow wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

served as the inspiration of *The Village Blacksmith*, a poem familiar to every American school boy and girl, a builder of character always.

Completed at half past three in the morning, as recorded in the poet's diary, Mr. Longfellow gave to the world September 28, 1841, another short poem *Excelsior*, which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked of in the words: "The repetition of the aspiring exclamation, which gives its name to the poem, lifts every stanza a step higher than the one that preceded it." We wonder if, in these modern days when the theory of cultivating the sub-conscious mind is receiving so much attention, whether some such challenge as "higher," the real meaning of the word "Excelsior," if kept uppermost in our minds, would not prove helpful?

Like many other New Englanders, the scourge of slavery early attracted the attention of the poet, and in 1842, while abroad, he wrote *The Slave's Dream*, a vision of the African, who, torn from his native land, suffered the nostalgia that strikes alike at the slave and the king when far removed from home and friends. In similar tone he composed and published *The Slave in the Dismal Swamp* and other like poems, which contributed to that crystalization of opinion which culminated in the Civil War.

The Day is Done, written in 1844, a song of rare melancholy with its—

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

and *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, written in 1845 to commemorate the "Gold House," now known as "Plunkett Mansion," the home of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandmother, and located in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, are examples of verse written in the minor key, but which, withal, touch deeply and bring out what is best in the hearts of men.

And over the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-
weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Wool!

then on through the deep forests of Canada, "Voyageurs" always, to reach the end of their journey at last in the New France of the far South.

Passing from the poet's shorter verses, we will touch lightly on his more sustained and pretentious work, included in which are *Evangeline* a tale of Acadia, written in 1845-46; the *Song of Hiawatha*, finished in 1855, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, which followed in 1858. These three compositions serve well to bring out the poet's love for his own New England and America, a love in no way diminished by his frequent and prolonged absences in foreign lands.

The story of *Evangeline* is that of the French Acadians, the settlers of the Village of Grand-Pre, who, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, were transported by the English Government to the region of the lower Mississippi, where they established a new Acadia, the definite imprint of the French pastoral character stamped indelibly on the social and religious life of the Parishes of lower Louisiana, St. Landry, St. Martin, St. Mary, St. John the Baptist, Iberia, etc., where all the simplicity of the old days spent by the "Cajuns," as they are now often called, while yet in lower Canada is retained, and where the African who labors in the cane fields speaking the French language (frequently his only one) kneels on the Sabbath alongside the white overseer of French blood, while the surpliced priest intones the ancient service of the Mass.

A profound solemnity impresses us as we think of these people who brought their old day France, language, customs and religion, first to—

"The Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little Village of Grand-Pre."

THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE

"Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Striped of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the ciderpress and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sounds of his fiddle,

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de Dinquerque
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-
mous sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadow
a drum beat."

Let us turn to the "Little Village of Grand-Pre" on that Sabbath morning when, after the gathering in the church, the Commander, "Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission," gave them, in solemn, kindly words, the harsh message of his King:

"Forfeiture of lands and cattle, to the Crown; deportation;"

closing with the heart chilling message:

"Prisoners now I declare you; for such is His Majesty's pleasure."

Rising above the shock which stunned the Commander's listeners, then rose Basil, the Blacksmith, who, with a feeling of outraged justice, defied the Commander and his King, a challenge replied to by Father Felician in the words of that old but unforgettable utterance, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

THE CHALLENGE OF BASIL THE BLACKSMITH

"Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure
of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by
the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with
passion; and wildly he shouted,—
'Down with the tyrants of England! we
never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize
on our homes and our harvests!'
More he fain would have said, but the
merciless hand of a soldier
Stood him upon the mouth, and dragged
him down to the pavement.

"In the midst of the strife and tumult of
angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and
Father Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended
the steps of the altar,
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture
heaved into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he
spoke to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in ac-
cents measured and mournful
Spoke he, as, after the tocsin's alarm,
distinctly the clock strikes.

'What is this that ye do, my children?
what madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored
among you and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one
another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils
and prayers and privations?

Have ye so soon forgotten all lessons of
love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace,
and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts ever-
flowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his
cross is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meek-
ness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the
prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when
the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father,
forgive them!"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep
in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeed-
ed the passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said,
"O Father, forgive them!"

Swiftly the setting changes, when—

"Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
'When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

* * * * *

"Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, tho' hard and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;

"I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.'"

The tragedy of the Acadians has been tempered with the passage of the years by our own experience in the factory cities of Massachusetts, where the descendants of lower Canadian French settlers refuse to integrate with the English-speaking residents, a people who first blazed the way, and who made America the haven of the world's oppressed. There the French factory workers prefer to retain their old language and racial customs against all comers, and thus all great tragedies develop a measure of mitigation with the shift of time.

The *Song of Hiawatha*, written in 1855, was immediately proclaimed the greatest epic of the American Indian, the purpose of the author that of weaving the traditions of the Indian into one great whole. No sooner was the poem published than its success was acclaimed; its popularity expressed by public readings, and after its translation into the Latin it became a school text book. Elemental in its nature, the verse and metre makes a deep impression on all who read the poem. The Indian, with his beliefs, his superstitions, his hopes and his sorrows, is well expressed in *Hiawatha*, and the Mountains, the Prairie, the Four Winds and the almost sacramental attributes of the Peace Pipe are all portrayed therein; the sorrow of death, the coming of the white man, even the famines that regularly overtook the Indian likewise find utterance in *Hiawatha*.

And now we will speak of Mr. Longfellow's masterpiece. Encouraged and enlivened by the great success accorded *Hiawatha*, the poet turned again to New England and the birthplace of America, to Plymouth and the early Colonists for inspiration, completing on March 28, 1858, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. In this masterpiece the author has limned, vividly, the character of the bluff, wilful Puritan captain, Miles Standish, who, past middle age (his wife, Rose Standish, the first of the Pilgrims to find rest in the new land, then in her grave), sought love, a wife and a fireside as a relief from Indian warfare; his confessor, the stripling,

"John Alden, his friend and household companion, * * * youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower."

and while the Captain was reading to himself "Bariffe's Artillery Guide," and the "Commentaries of Caesar" the youthful John Alden was—

"Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maidon
Priscilla;

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla!"

Shocked and bewildered the boy tries to smile away what seemed like a jest and haltingly,
 "and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,"

he recalled to the Captain his own favorite maxim from Caesar.

"If you would have it well done—(I am only repeating your maxim)—you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others."

But the old Captain would not be gainsaid, the boy lover saddened and stunned, yet ever loyal to his Captain, sought Priscilla, attempting to plead the Captain's cause.

"WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?"

"So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel
 and the singing
 Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on
 the threshold,
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand in signal
 of welcome,

* * * * *

"Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
 beautiful Spring-time,
 Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower
 that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the
 hedge-rows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a
 garden:

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark
 and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
 And, at the end of the street, the village church,
 with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in
 the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me is my
 religion;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in
 Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost

Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely
 and wretched."

"Therewith answered the youth: 'Indeed I do not
 condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this
 terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to
 lean on;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer
 of marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the
 Captain of Plymouth!"

"Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer
 of letters,—

Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful
 phrases,

But came straight to the point, and blurted it out
 like a school-boy;

And so on and on, like a spider's web, is woven in vari-colored measures, the boy's return, the old Captain's rage, the charge of betrayal flung at the youth's head; then comes, breathless, short of speech, the messenger with his cry of "danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians," at which the Captain—

"Took from the nail on the wall, his sword with its scabbard of iron,
 Buckled the belt around his waist, and, frowning departed."

Striding away to the Council House, his wrath meanwhile burning white, he entered to face an Indian messenger who bore a challenge from his tribe, the skin of a rattlesnake, "filled like a quiver, with arrows." Crowding past the good Elder of Plymouth the Captain threw aside the arrows with a contemptuous gesture "and filled it with powder and bullets," saying:

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it
 more bluntly.

Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,

Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and
 rendered her speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous
 silence;

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager
 to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble
 to woo me?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth
 the winning!"

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing
 the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain
 was busy,—

Had no time for such things—such things! the words
 grating harshly

Fell on the ears of Priscilla; and swiftly as a flash
 she made answer:

"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before
 he is married?

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the
 wedding?

That is the way with you men; you don't understand
 us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking
 of this one and that one,

* * * * *

"Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that
 he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last
 might have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen"

"Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of
 Priscilla,

* * * * *

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
 eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his
 rival,

Ardently the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
 with laughter,

Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for
 yourself, John?"

"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

"Saying in thundering tones: 'Here, take it! this is your answer!'
Silently out of the room then gliding the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest."

Following the Indians' challenge and its acceptance, the Captain goes out to war, but withal smoother sailing appears, for while on the march, saner and better thoughts crowd themselves upon him and he mutters aloud:

"I am alone to blame, for mine was the folly,
'Twas but a dream, let it pass."

And follows the reported death of the Captain, John Alden's marriage to Priscilla and the Captain's unexpected return:

"Godly there in his armor, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

Next the forgiveness and from the Captain's lips the words:

"I should have remembered the adage,—If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas."

The *Courtship of Miles Standish* breathes glorious courage and love immortal, forever linking the old Puritan ideals and character to the changing now; and to the writer's mind it marks the high tide of Longfellow's poesy.

In conclusion, we will pass much of the great poet's work, included in which are many translations and three small prose volumes, *Kavanaugh*, *Hyperion*, and *Outre-Mer*. For thirty-two years Mr. Longfellow thought out and worked upon his most ambitious effort, completing in 1873 *Christus, A Mystery*, this a new Divine Comedy, in three parts, picturing the Apostolic, the Medieval and the Modern periods; his study and translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," without doubt the impelling motive that inspired *Christus*. During these thirty-two years the subject was never long absent from his mind, and "The theme in its majesty was a flame by night and a pillar of cloud by day" to the author.

In July, 1861, the poet suffered the great tragedy of his life, his second wife, who was the mother of his children, was burned to death, a distressing and shocking accident. Gradually withdrawing from the society of other than his closest friends, Mr. Longfellow continued to work on, at, however, a slower pace, his life work gradually drawing to a finish.

Honored at home and abroad, the recipient of world praise, with honorary degrees conferred upon him by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, this good man passed away at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882, mourned by thousands.

Mr. Longfellow, though deeply grounded in the literature and tradition of the Old World, will be best remembered by his love for American themes as seen by him through the eyes of a man highly spiritualized, perhaps half mystic, but wearing a character as fine as spun gold. He is one of the world's poets of whom it might be said, that if all else of beauty and grace were destroyed, his work would suffice to enable mankind to spiritually carry on.

Valentines

PIGTAILS

You were a creature in pigtails once
With freckles across your nose;
And I was a lad in knickers once
With snakes and toads in my clothes!

And I don't quite long for the pigtails still;
I can go without freckles too!
And I don't quite long for the knickers still—
But—today—I'm afraid of you!

And I wish that I were, for the next half-hour,
The boy that I used to be
For I wasn't at all afraid of you then
And that's why I envy me!

But shut your eyes and pretend with me
There are pigtails now as then,
And that we've been playing all afternoon,
And let's kiss at the gate again!

—By Mary Carolyn Davies.

A SONG

Why does the sky seem fairer today?
Why does the rose blush deeper, oh, say?
What is the reason the world seems so gay?
Answer, my heart, oh, pray!

My lover has come, my heart makes reply;
It speaks in my bosom with love's whispered sigh;
Shine on, azure heaven; blush deeper, queen flower,
For I have found rapture in this mystic power.

Why does the brook run swifter away?
Why do the birds sing sweeter, today?
What is the burden of their roundelay?
Answer, my heart, oh, pray!

My lover has come, the reason is clear;
Some secret spell tells me that now he is near;
Oh, babble on, brooklet! Oh, little birds, sing!
I go forth to meet him, my Lover, my King.

—Margaret Wheeler Ross.

Abraham Lincoln

By Gene Matson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Liberator of the slaves, was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. The rough log cabin in which he first saw light was the home of a father who was a kind hearted, but improvident type of man. His mother was a member of a good Virginia family and did her best to give Abe her ambition. Once she had said to him, "Abe, learn all you can and grow up to be of some account. You've got just as good blood in you as George Washington had." Abe did not forget that.

When Abraham was seven years old, the family moved to Pigeon Creek, Indiana, and settled about fifteen miles north of the Ohio river. The journey to their new home was very tedious and lonely, for they had, in some places, to cut roadways through the forest.

They arrived in November and set vigorously to work to provide a shelter against the winter. Young Abe was healthy, rugged, and active, and from early morning until late evening he worked with his father, chopping trees and cutting poles and boughs for their "camp." This camp was but a mere shed, only fourteen feet square and open on one side.

In this rough abode the furniture was of the scantiest and crudest. The three-legged stools, beds and tables were fashioned from logs.

These backwoods people knew nothing of dainty cooking but they brought keen appetites to their coarse fare. The principal vegetable was the ordinary white potato. Wheat was so scarce that flour bread was reserved for Sundays. Generally there was an abundance of game such as deer, wild turkeys, many kinds of fish from nearby streams and in summer wild fruits from the woods.

During this first winter in the wild woods of Indiana Abe lived a very lonely life. There

was much to do in building the cabin which was to replace the camp, in clearing ground for planting, and in supplying the table with food. These occupations took him into the woods, therefore we must believe in spite of all the hardships of his wilderness life, that he spent many happy hours.

Great as had been his privations in this Indiana home, Abe had now to suffer a more grievous loss in the death of his mother. Before she died she said to her son: "Abraham, I am going away from you and will never see you again. I know that you will always be kind to your sister and father. Try to live as I have taught you and to love your heavenly father." Many years later Lincoln said, "All that I am or I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

A little later his father brought home a second wife who became a devoted friend to the motherless boy. She soon discovered Abe was not an ordinary child and kept encouraging him to make something of himself. She was always ready to listen when he read, to help him with his lessons, or to cheer him.

Abraham's schooling was brief—not more than a year in all. The schools were rough log cabins with earth for floor and oiled paper for windows. Desks were unknown, but little rude benches were furnished much like those in the Lincoln home. The teachers

were ignorant men who taught the children a little spelling, reading, writing and ciphering. While attending the last school Abe had to go a distance of four and one-half miles from his home.

In spite of his meager schooling, the boy, by his self-reliance, resolute purpose and good reading habits, acquired the best sort of training for his future life. He had but few books in his home. Among those which he read over and over again, while a boy, were the Bible, "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrims Progress," a History of United States, and "Ween's Life of Washington."

His stepmother said of him: "He read everything he could get his hands on and when he came to a passage that struck him, he would write it down and commit it to memory." When night came he would find a seat in the corner by the fireside and write or work sums on a wooden shovel using a charred stick for a pencil.

Having borrowed a copy of the "Life of Washington," he took it to bed with him in the soft and read until his candle gave out. Then he tucked the book into a crevice of the logs that he might read as soon as daylight would permit him in the morning. During the night a storm came up and the rain beat in upon the book and wet it through and through. With heavy

heart Lincoln took it back to the owner who told him it would be his if he would work three days to pay for it. Eagerly agreeing to do this, he carried his new possession home in triumph. This book had a marked influence over his future.

At one time, when his stepmother was ill, Abe went to church every Sunday and on his return, repeated the sermon almost verbatim for her. He loved to argue. Mrs. Lincoln said, "When Abe got started arguing the other fellow'd pretty soon say he had enough."

When Lincoln was twenty-one, his family took their possessions in an ox cart and again moved west. They traveled for two weeks and finally made a home on the Sangamon River.

From time to time he watched the boats carry freight. Eager to know by experience the life of which he dreamed, he became a boatman. He found employment on a flatboat that carried farm produce to New Orleans. On one of his trips he chanced to attend a slave auction. Looking on while one slave after another was knocked down to the highest bidder, his indignation grew until at length he cried out, "Boys, let's get away from this; if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." Little did he think then what a blow he would strike some thirty years later.

Tiring of these trips, he became a clerk in a store at New Salem. Many stories are told of Lincoln's honesty in dealing with people in this village store.

At times during his life he was subject to sad depression which made his face unspeakably sad. But as a rule he was cheerful and merry. He was as kind as he was good natured. His stepmother said of him:



The Lincoln Memorial - Washington, D. C.

"I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, he never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him."

When the village store closed, Lincoln enlisted as a volunteer for the Black Hawk War. On returning, he opened a grocery store, but this undertaking soon failed. He was also the Postmaster at New Salem for a time.

He next tried surveying. Though he was apparently drifting almost aimlessly from one occupation to another, his interest in public affairs was steadily increasing. In 1834 he secured an election to the state legislature.

About four years after he began to study law he was admitted to the bar and established himself at Springfield, Ill. In due time he was elected to Congress where his interest in various public questions, especially that of slavery, became quickened.

On this question his clear head and warm heart united in forming strong convictions that had great weight with the people. In 1838 he received the nomination of the Republican party for the United States Senate. Stephen A. Douglas was the Democratic nominee.

As debates between the political rivals challenged the admiration of the whole country, Lincoln argued the great power against the spread of slavery into new states. Although unsuccessful in securing a seat in the Senate, he won a recognition that led to his election as president two years later.

In 1860 the Republican National Convention which met at Chicago, nominated, "Honest Old Abe, the Rail-splitter," as its candidate for President and elected him the same autumn.

The burning political question at this time related to the extension of slavery into the territories. The South was eager to have more states come into the Union as slave states, while the North wished slavery to be confined to the states where it already existed.

There was a prolonged struggle after the Louisiana Purchase to determine whether it would be slave or free. It was thought the Missouri Compromise of 1820 would settle the trouble, but such was not the case, and even after a second compromise, the excitement everywhere was intense. Many people felt that a man of wider experience should be at the head of the government. They doubted the ability of this plain man of the people, to lead the destinies of a nation in these hours when intricate diplomacy was needed. But little as they knew it, he was well fitted for the work that lay before him.

In a few weeks the Civil War had begun. Lincoln's trials and difficulties during this fearful struggle from 1861 to 1865 was immense. His burdens were overwhelming, but like Washington, he believed that, "right makes might."

The famous Emancipation Proclamation issued January 1, 1863, declared that the slaves were in all the territory of the seceded states whose people were waging war against the Union. This made good his word, "If I ever get a chance to strike that thing, I'll strike it hard."

On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered his army to General Grant. By this act the war came to a close. Great was the rejoicing everywhere. But suddenly the universal joy was turned into sorrow. Five days after Lee's surrender, Lincoln went with his wife and some friends to see a play at the Ford's Theatre in Washington. In the midst of the play, a half-crazed actor, entered the President's box, shot him in the back of the head, jumped to the stage shouting "Sic semper tyrannus!" (So be it always to tyrants), rushed to the street and escaped. He was hunted down and killed. The martyr President lingered some hours, tenderly watched by his family and a few friends.

A noble life had passed from the field of action; and people deeply mourned the loss of him who had wisely and bravely led them through four years of heavy trial and anxiety.

Old Indian Arrow Heads, the Evidences of a Lost Art

ARCHERY is an ancient art. It was used some by the Greeks and Romans in the days of their power. The Scythians were skilled in the use of the bow and arrow; the Egyptians were likewise noted for their skill as archers. In the Middle Ages the men of Burgundy were famous shots with the bow. William the Conqueror owed his victory at Hastings quite as much to the superiority of his bowmen as to the weight of the Norman battle-axe. English historians tell that "arrows fell thick as rain." The English bow was as "long as a man" and in their contests with the Scots the superiority of the English bowmen was a great advantage.

However, through the ages, no more expert bowmen have fought and hunted with the bow and arrow than the North American Indians. They depended on their bows to take wild fowl and even buffalo, riding after game on their fleet-footed ponies, their aim not less sure because of their speed.

The accompanying picture shows a collection of Indian arrow heads, spear heads and a few small skinning knives owned by Mr. Elmer Brown and found by him within a radius of five miles of Rock Springs. Mr. Brown tells us how they are to be found and gives us his theory as to how they were made:

"These are chipped from hard siliceous rocks that were picked from the beds of small boulders deposited here ages ago by glaciers and great rivers. Among them are agates, jaspers, flints, obsidians, and different stages of petrified woods. The method used by the Indians in chipping these rocks into a required exact shape is not known. It is assumed, however, that the boulder was first broken into pieces. The pieces nearest the desired shape were picked out and singly placed on separate larger rocks in a charcoal fire. There they were gradually heated to a point of maximum expansion. Then by means of a straw or quill a liquid was applied to the piece of rock, at the part they wished to cut away, causing the rock to contract at this point and a chip to fly off. Some of these chipped weapons and tools are so nearly uniform and true that one might almost believe they were shaped mechanically. It certainly required long years of experience to attain this skill.

"There are many shapes and sizes of arrow points. Their size no doubt was determined by the size of the game for which they were intended. Some of the shanks are barbed so that the arrow head could not be pulled out by the arrow shaft after it had penetrated. Some are notched on the sides so as to remain securely lashed to the shaft. There are at least twelve distinct types of shanks. Perhaps these different methods of notching the arrow heads are typical of different tribes."

Present day Indians do not know how they were made. Old Chief Yellowhead of the Shoshone Reservation says he never knew anyone who did. To quote Mr. Brown again:

"The Indians of these northerly plains depended almost entirely on animals for their food, clothing, and housing. In fact their very existence was dependent upon the herds that roved here. So from necessity the Indian was a rover, following the herds into the uplands and the mountains in the summer and returning to the plains ahead of the first snow, to winter. Here they scattered out in groups of a few families each and picking their hunting ground made their camps, perhaps in the same spot they had camped the year before and for years before that. At this camp they lived and from it they hunted until the game became wild and scarce, then they gathered their few belongings and moved on to a new camp and new hunting grounds.

"Now the Indian is no longer a wandering savage but has found a place of contentment in the ways of

modern civilization. All that remains of the wandering tribes of yesterday is the story that is left in their weapons and the few tools and utensils of stone that were lost and left by them at their scattered camp sites. Circles of rocks indicate the outlines of the old teepee settings. Piles of red barned rocks show the locations of the fire-places. By these fire-places are litters of flakes of flint and jasper chips where the arrow maker sat and fashioned stone points for arrows and for spears, and stone needles for working the hide into clothing, and fleshing knives for preparing the hides before tanning, and axes with which to chop brush for fuel, and chisels of special design for scraping wood into proper shape for bows and for arrows. Near this fire-place may be a matata—a flat surfaced sand rock the size of a large meat platter—on which dried berries, roots and prickly pear seeds were ground by means of rubbing them under a small hand stone. Some of these matatas are worn thin and with deep hollows showing many seasons wear. Some are so old and disintegrated that only one of a very observing nature would recognize them. Lying about may be found occasionally a bead, sometimes pieces of broken clay pottery, the futile labor of some industrious Indian who has nearly completed a pot only to have it broken in the finishing. At some of the camps may be found a stone knife, a whole arrow point, or a spear point. These sometimes were dropped through the fire while being finished and the fire never moved to regain them. Over the plains in the vicinity of Rock Springs these old winter camp sites are all situated on sand dunes or where sand dunes were in the days of the Indian. These sand dunes always support much grease-wood and are generally without sage. A question to determine is whether it was the grease-wood or the sand dune that determined the location of these camps. Water seems to have had little bearing on these locations. It is not uncommon to find camps several miles from water. Many of these camps are located along Bitter Creek, Little Bitter Creek, Kilpacker Creek, around the base of White Mountain, and along the sands caused by the outcrop of the white sand-stone strata that is noticeable as extending between Rock Springs and Reliance.

"When the track for the Union Pacific Railroad was being laid through Rock Springs the Indians moved their camps back a few miles and from there watched the progress of the railroad construction. In many of these camps may be found railroad spikes and bridge bolts, some showing the effects of crude and futile attempts at forging. No doubt these were gathered and left by the last of the "wild" Indians of Southern Wyoming as civilization advanced upon them."

The pictures also contain fossil remains of fish, obtained near by. These fish were caught in some catclysm that drained the fresh water sea they lived in, a subsequent submersion covering them with sand and other material which with time turned into stone. The

Rock Dusting Saves Many Lives In British Mine Explosion

A RECENT issue of the Wrexham Leader, Wrexham, North Wales, gives details of an explosion that occurred at Llay Main Colliery, which caused the death of nine employees. Four hundred and six other employees who were in the mine at the time of the explosion were enabled to reach the surface without injury.

The explosion took place about 1.30 A. M., Friday morning, December 5th, when a night shift of 415 men and boys was doing repair and other work throughout the mine.

It developed at the inquest that the fire boss, who was in charge of the section, had fired a shot, the flame from which evidently struck a pocket of gas, causing the explosion, as eight of the men, including the fire boss, were found dead within a distance of 300 feet from the point where the explosion originated.

Mr. Hughes, the Manager of the mine, stated at the inquest that he believed the main reason the force of the explosion had not spread far beyond the point of ignition, was due to the fact that he had always watched, most carefully, the stone dusting of the mine, and he believed that this was the reason the four hundred and six other employees in the mine were enabled to reach the surface without injury, by way of the main shaft.

Another noticeable fact he stated was that ventilation throughout the mine restored itself almost immediately after the explosion, so that the rescuers were able to go into the workings and recover the bodies a very short time after the accident.

The fact of the explosion being confined to a small territory, and the further fact that the ventilation restored itself almost immediately after the explosion is in line with the experience of John O. Jones, Safety Engineer of the Big Ben Corporation in Illinois, who has stated in his writings on the subject that his company has had similar experiences in their stone dusted mines when explosions have occurred.

The Llay Main was a large mine, employing about 2500 men, one shaft being about 2700 feet deep and the other 2500 feet in depth. The mine was equipped with modern appliances, being a comparatively new enterprise; the cost to sink the shafts and equip the mine outside and inside being in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000.00.

The foregoing experience is another convincing argument in favor of rock dusting coal mines.

specimens shown in the picture have been identified as Phareodus Eneustis and Diplomystus Densatus, and while the Cretaceous and Tertiary measures in which these fossils were buried in far gone ages, thousands and thousands of years before the Indian came to make his arrow and spear heads, they look much like their species as they are caught today.



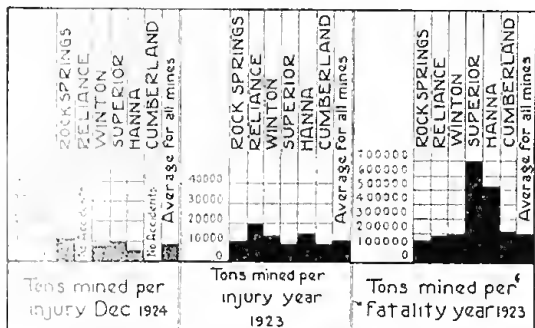
Indian Arrow Heads, Spear Heads and Skinning Knives Collected by Elmer E. Brown within a Radius of Five Miles of Rock Springs. The Fossil Fish in the Center Frame Grew in Wyoming Long Ago.



Make It + Safe



December Accident Graph



ELSEWHERE in this Magazine Mr. James Hearne of Hanna, in a short article, emphasizes the thought that injury prevention is not entirely in the hands of the mine officials and their assistants, but that each man should think of his own safety and protection and the removal of the causes which produce the multitude of minor accidents occurring in the mines.

Fully fifty per cent of the minor injuries, those in which the injured person may lose from three to ten days, result from causes that the injured knew to exist but did not stop to remove.

Too often in the consideration of safety matters we fail to appreciate the importance of the example set by the "older heads." This setting of example worthy of emulation has a far reaching effect on us all. The example of the other fellow sets you at ease. When traveling and arriving in strange places, isn't it the action of the other fellow that points the way for you? Just so, too, it is the example of the experienced man that points the way to the newcomer.

In these days of a large labor turnover, it surely behooves us to try to have these more experienced men set the right example for the new employee, and if this example is accompanied by a cheerful smile and a word of friendly advice, it is bound to re-act for the good of all.

In the production of 266,192 tons of coal during December, 1924, there were twenty-six minor injuries. Unlike former months, of these twenty-six only two were attributable to pit cars or haulage, but nearly all were due to falls of loose top or face coal. These falls can nearly all be prevented by just a little more vigilance on the part of the man working at the face.

For December, Cumberland and Reliance hold the banner positions, as no accidents were reported from either of these places.

"WATCH YOUR TOP" and "SOUND YOUR ROOF" and let's make 1925 a record year.

A Few of the December Accidents

HERE are a few of the twenty-six personal injuries occurring during December, 1924. In nearly all of these accidents the sufferer either "took a chance" or "didn't think," with the inevitable result.

Lamp House Attendant—Was filling safety lamps with naphtha and had spilled a small amount on hand. This became ignited, probably by flint sparker and caused burn on left hand.

Loader—Was loading a car. A piece of coal fell from face, rolling down the pitch, knocking him down, lacerating left wrist and ankle.

Loader—Was about to push car out of panel room. Block was knocked out and he was caught between car and rib.

Machine-runner—Had finished cutting crosscut and was straightening machine with power, with his hand on controller. Bits caught into rib, twisted machine back and his fingers were caught between rib and controller.

Blaster—Was coming down pile of coal after having tamped holes. The pile of coal began to slide and he fell backwards bruising elbows.

Miner—Was shovelling coal out of crosscut. A piece of coal fell from high rib, striking him on head, causing a scalp wound.

Loader—Was about to get on man trip and was brushing snow off the seat. He stepped on rail and fell, bruising knee.

Miner—Was springing car down room and caught hand between sprag and prop.

Miner—Was pulling down loose face coal. Had rested his hand on a large piece of coal, when a piece rolled off face, striking his hand and bruising it so that partial amputation of one finger was necessary.

Machine-runner—A small piece of rock had fallen on top of machine. He attempted to brush it off with his hand when another small piece fell, striking him on hand and badly lacerating finger.

Loader—Was loading a car under loose piece of roof in crosscut. The piece fell bruising his head and foot.

Timberman—Was taking down loose rock and removing a cross bar. Piece of rock fell, bruising head, arm and foot.

Miner—Was preparing to charge holes. A piece of loose coal rolled from face, striking him and bruising head and shoulders.

Electrician's Helper—Was attending pumps. He stepped upon a piece of loose coal and fell, causing injury to right knee and ankle.

Loader—Was pulling down loose coal and rock. Piece fell, bruising shoulder.

Workman—His Own Safeguard

By James Hearne

COAL MINE accidents for the month of November, 1924, killed 155 men, according to the Bureau of Mines.

Any reduction is largely in the hands of the workmen themselves. So long as men persist in accepting an apparently good looking roof as safe, and treating it as such, instead of regarding the roof in all cases as bad, so long will accidents from falls of roof remain at the present proportionately high figure.

No amount of inspection on the part of officials can prevent many of the accidents from falls of roof, and the workman on the spot should be, and usually is, quite as competent to look after his own safety as an official who may not be in the working place more than a few minutes at varying intervals of three or four hours.

Need for Co-operation—Safety Methods —A Review

By A Miner

THE year just past has been an eventful one, and has wrought many changes in methods and policies of the coal industry. The depression in the coal business throughout the country has made it essential that better efforts be put forth in all branches of the industry, and that strict economy be practiced in order that the industry may survive. In the face of the depressed conditions and the short working time, which cuts down production and increases costs, the cry for higher wages and better working conditions goes forth from the employees, and the cry for lower prices on coal from the consumer is heard on every hand. In addition is the demand of the people throughout the country that the mines be made as safe as is humanly possible. All of which is only just, reasonable and proper, and nothing more than what the employer, as well as the employee, desires, but the fact still remains that in order to safe-guard the life and health of the employee and protect the properties, money is necessary, and to get money with which to do the work, production is necessary, and without a market for the product production must be curtailed, so that to my mind the coal industry is in a bad way. It is an indisputable fact that whether the mines are working or are idle, there is a certain fixed overhead expense, and in addition certain kinds of work that must be done on days the mines are idle in order to protect life and property, so that when all is said and done we must agree that the pathway of the coal mine operator is hard and rough. On the other hand we must not forget that with employment for only two hundred days per year, the high prices of foodstuffs and clothing and the other necessities of life, and with an average-size family to feed, clothe and educate, the employee also has a serious problem confronting him.

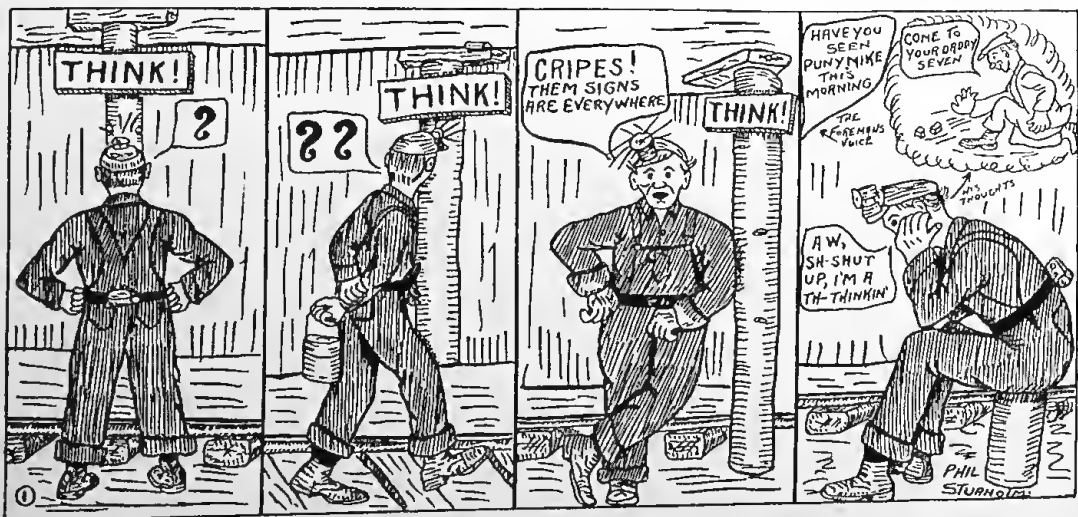
With the above facts before me, it seems to me that the matter is a serious one both for the employer and employee, and emphasizes the need for a better understanding between them, each admitting that co-operation between capital and labor is necessary.

In the practice of coal mining no hard and fast rules can be laid down, and precedents can not always be followed for the reason that conditions are continually changing, and the methods and practices of yesterday will not always apply to the conditions of today. In order to meet competition and the ever increasing demands, old established rules and practices must necessarily be forgotten, and new and more efficient methods worked out and adopted.

In the past few years the public has been shocked and grieved because of the loss of life and injuries in connection with the mining of coal, primarily due to disastrous explosions of coal dust, and methane. Mining men the country over, co-operating with the Bureau of Mines, have burned the midnight oil to find means to prevent these catastrophes, and in their researches have made wonderful progress, toward decreasing if not entirely eliminating, the causes of them. Mention might here be made of Permissible Explosives. This was about the first safety precaution introduced following experiments made in determining the difference in duration and length of flame, and heat generated by a permissible explosive compared with black powder. The use of the sulphur spill and tase with the use of black powder, compared with the electric detonator as used with permissible powder, was also made the basis of much study by the Bureau. Later came the experiments with electric lamps to replace the open-flame lamp, which no one will deny has been responsible for numerous coal mine explosions, and after long tedious days and nights of thought and study the Electric Cap Lamp was perfected, and its use approved by the Bureau of Mines. Many years ago the system of sprinkling the working faces and haulage roads with water was introduced, and for a time the minds of mine managers and workmen were at rest under the assumption that now that the deadly coal dust had been made inert, the dangers from coal dust explosions were over. But it was soon discovered that the sprinkling or wetting of the working faces and roadways did not reach the dust lying on the timbers and in the crevices in the ribs and roof (which has since been proved to be the most dangerous dust), so that some other means must be found to counteract the danger from coal dust.

Following the lead of our European friends, doing some experimenting on our own behalf, and profiting by the experience and knowledge of our old friend, Mr. J. E. Jones, Safety Engineer of the Old Ben Corporation, of West Franklin, Illinois, mine managers throughout the country are launching a campaign of rock dusting, and it is comforting to us all to know that in the very near future rock dust, in addition to water, will be compulsory in all coal mines, which will give us all an added feeling of security and safety from the dangers incident to a dusty mine.

In reviewing the situation, it seems to me that the coal mine operators of the country are alive to the dangers connected with coal mining and have steadily been adopting all practicable measures to insure the safety of their employees and their properties, and it is the opinion of the writer that their efforts should



Puny Mike works overtime.

be highly commended. If we but stop to think we will readily admit that the use of Permissible Explosives, Electric Cap Lamps, Sprinkling and Rock Dusting, in coal mines insures greater safety and is of great benefit to us all. We should encourage and heartily support all movements of this or any other kind, where our life and health is being protected, by being honest and fair in all our dealings with our employer as well as with our fellowmen.

First Aid Activities at No. 2 Cumberland

By Lyman Fearn, Chairman, First Aid Club

THE First Aid Club at No. 2 Cumberland is busily engaged in what promises to be a profitable season of First Aid Activities.

We are holding meetings weekly and have outlined the following program for meetings.

Fifteen minute talk on some phase of First Aid by one of the instructors.

Five minute discussion of some current event or current topic by a member of the club.

Fifteen minutes to transact business or to arrange for social affairs.

Forty five minutes devoted to first aid practice.

Our practice work is being carried on along the same lines we have used so successfully the two previous seasons. The club members are placed in groups of five each and an experienced man from the First Team acts as instructor for each group.

We held our first social affair December 20th, and, although the weather was twenty degrees below zero, we had a very good turn-out. A splendid program was rendered during the evening and a very delicious lunch was served by the ladies. The people of Cumberland are to be congratulated on the way they support their First Aid and Mine Rescue Work. The First Aid team gave two exhibitions of First Aid work. Thomas Gibson was present and gave us an inspiring talk on First Aid and its accomplishments.

We have a very encouraging outlook, an enthusiastic club, and the assured loyalty and support of our town. While we expect to place a winning team in the field next fall, we are not overlooking the fact that we are taking up the work primarily for the service we may be able to do, and the more efficient we become the better fitted we will be to serve.

"A MINE IS AS SAFE AS THE OWNERS, OPERATORS, AND WORKERS WANT IT TO BE!"

A Scotch Game

While Cohen was in Scotland he went out for a game of golf. A club member came out and, as both were lone starters, a match was suggested.

"My name is McGregor," said the Scot.

"What do you go around in, McGregor?" Cohen asked.

"Oh, around 112 or 114," the Scot answered.

"What's your game?"

"Just about the same," Cohen replied. "How about \$1 a hole?"

"And do you know," said Cohen, "that dirty crook went around in 78 and took \$2 from me."

Practicing

Tramp No. 1—"What's you eatin'?"

Tramp No. 2—"I ain't eatin' nothin'."

Tramp No. 1—"You look like you're eatin'. Don't go holdin' out on me."

Tramp No. 2—"I ain't eatin', an' I ain't holdin' out on you. I'm just practicin' so's I won't forget how."



Electricity Aids Industry and Increases Wages

By D. C. McKeehan

IN THE steel industry pig and scrap iron are unloaded from railroad cars with an electro-magnet and crane. A few men operating the cranes replace many that would be required for unloading by hand. Large electric cranes lift and pour large pots of molten metal that would be impossible to handle by human hands alone. In the electric lamp industry one automatic glass blowing machine, electric driven, makes 45,000 glass bulbs per day.

It might seem that human labor would be eventually replaced by electric motors and that wages would be "shot to pieces," however, the reverse is true. Occasionally we hear echoes of objections against electrification, that motors put men and women out of jobs, and by creating an over-supply of labor cut individual wages. Here are the facts, as a comparison of American and English conditions will show.

In England the installed horse power per industrial employe is 1.5. In the United States 3.25 horse power per workman. In England the industrial wage is about one-third of what it is in this country. Wages, it appears, keep step with the ratio of motors installed.

Electricity in industry reduces laborious human effort, increases individual productivity and earnings, and gives every one a greater share of the better and ever worth-while things of life.

Statistics regarding the bituminous coal industry, compiled from the U. S. Census, show the following increase in the use of electric motors during the ten year period 1909 to 1919:

Year	Number of Motors	Total H. P. of Motors
1909	10,557	402,090
1919	42,230	1,578,474

Those familiar with coal mining for the last decade realize what changes for the better have taken place.

Water Supply Systems as Applied to Cities

By W. W. Jones

SEVERAL of the water supply systems for municipalities are owned by private concerns and operated for profit, but the majority are owned and operated by the municipalities. Little do we realize the importance of the city water supply until we find ourselves without water.

In ancient times wells were used as a source of water supply. In one instance a well was dug to a depth of two hundred and seventy-five feet through solid rock. In the early periods the water was filtered through several thicknesses of cloth. The water supply of Athens, Greece, was carried on aqueducts which totalled three hundred and ninety-one miles in length. This city was supplied with water by four springs, and the filtration system then used is still in operation. In 1235 the city of London obtained its water supply from springs, and lead pipes were used to transport the water.

The first public waterworks in the United States was installed at Boston in 1652. In 1754 Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, installed the first pumps to be used in this

country for a water supply. The spring from which this city obtained its supply of water is still in use. The pumps and reservoir in the Bethlehem water system were built entirely of wood. It seemed to be an instinct of the earlier peoples to turn to the springs as their main source of water supply.

Herschel, a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, invented the Venturimeter in 1869. This instrument is made in sizes ranging from a throat of three-fourths of an inch to two hundred and ten inches, and is an indicator of water pressure.

"Wholesome," according to Webster, is "anything tending to promote health." It is the duty of an engineer to make the water supply wholesome. The rain is originally pure, but in falling to the earth impurities are accumulated.

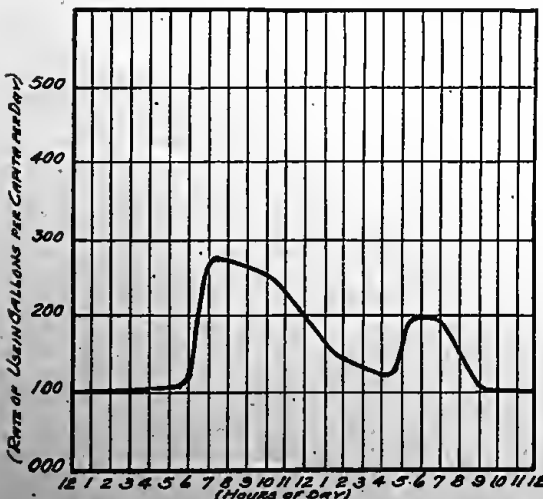
The value of a city's water supply cannot be stated in dollars and cents. The consumption of water per capita per day varies in different cities and with the different seasons of the year, days of the week, and hours of the day. Tacoma, Washington, has an average consumption of four hundred and sixty gallons per capita per day, while a small town in Florida has a consumption of only twenty gallons per capita per day. The average consumption of Boulder, Colorado, is only two hundred and twenty-five gallons per capita per day. The average taken for cities is about one hundred and twelve gallons per capita per day. The use of water can be attributed to:

1. Domestic
2. Commercial
3. Public
4. Loss and waste.

Although meters have been greatly criticised, it has been found that with the installation of meters the water consumption has been lowered by one-half.

In northern climates the consumption of water is highest in the summer season, and in southern climates it is highest in the winter season. Based on a consumption of one hundred gallons per capita per day, there is a one hundred and twenty-five per cent variation in the consumption due to change in seasons, and a one hundred and fifty per cent variation in the consumption from Sunday to Monday of each week. From seven to ten in the morning more water is used than during any other period of the day, there being a one hundred and seventy-five per cent variation from this period and the remainder of the day.

In a small town there is considerable variation in water consumption due to fire fighting requirements, while in the larger city scarcely any variation is noticed during fires. The modern fire fighting appar-



GRAPH OF DAILY CONSUMPTION OF WATER IN AVERAGE MUNICIPALITY, FROM 12 MID-NIGHT TO 12 MIDNIGHT.

(Continued on page 19)

Mr. Olden Times

D. M. Thayer, Rock Springs



Mr. D. M. Thayer came to Rock Springs from Amherst, Massachusetts, forty-eight years ago when Rock Springs had only one small hotel and four houses on South Front Street and five or six homes on the North Side. He began to work in the only store the town boasted, and remembers hiding a fugitive Chinaman there for four days during the Chinese riot of 1885. The store of Mr. Thayer's earlier days had many Indian shoppers who were friendly and interesting to the young man from the college town of Amherst; interesting too, was the store

itself, carrying as it did, all the needs of the settlers from groceries to coffins, which latter Mr. Thayer made out of lumber, often acting as undertaker. The store was often in demand for parties and community gatherings, a counter being used for a stage and the space between counters for a dance floor.

Mr. Thayer says he "never thought that Rock Springs would have the wonderful future and growth it has had," that he recalls having been offered several acres of property in the vicinity of the Hospital for two hundred dollars, as late as twenty-five years ago.

After leaving the store, Mr. Thayer was postmaster for five years; conducted a photographic studio for four years; was, for four and one-half years, the Superintendent of the Hospital and later, clerk in the Mine Office of The Union Pacific Coal Company, from which position he retired two years ago.

He is an Episcopalian and was one of the early members of the congregation here, having helped to build the first Episcopal Church. He has two children, Mrs. Mary Morris, the well known pianist of this city, and Mr. O. P. Thayer of Helena, Montana; four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, all of whom are proud of their pioneer parent.

Very Old Times

ONE of the Rock Springs pioneer teachers who, she tells us, recalls tales of the "very old times" is Mrs. Mary A. Patterson. To quote her further, she taught when the "schools of Rock Springs were excellent. There was no baseball, football or volley, perhaps, but all the teachers loved teaching—we turned out good scholars, too."

Mrs. Patterson has a fund of old-time stories. That story about the first school! How it inspired the teachers of her day! How real is the heritage which has come to use from the investment of endurance, courage, resourcefulness and heroism by our pioneers. Recall that first teacher holding school in her tiny kitchen in Blairtown, with a heterogeneous collection of books which had been tucked away in trunks coming into the early settlement. What an inspiration her in-

genuinely is! Blackboards seemed an impossibility to her until she devised the scheme of pasting dark brown paper sacks on boards. These were later supplanted by painted boards.

And the Rock Springs of that day! We enjoyed her description. At the time the first real school was built, rows of red houses appeared on the fields of sage brush and cactus; but all around was wilderness. Coyotes barked and howled on the hills. For many years a wild cat had its den among the rocks near No. 6. Eagles built their nests among the trails which led to Sweetwater and Green River.

On the hilltop by the Hospital stood a great rock which had in it an opening forming stairs by which children could climb to the top. It made a favorite rendezvous for them and an excellent place for picnics.

South of this rock ran an old trail which was called "Lover's Lane;" along it grew flowers in abundance but these have long since been destroyed by cattle and sheep.

Up the road, along Little Bitter Creek, was the old tie camp of the Union Pacific Railway—the remnants are still there and afford a place for rabbits to live unmolested.

An Indian family lived on what is now the hospital site. The head of the family was not very kind to his squaw; she even beat her at times. After her association with the white women she rebelled and left him, supporting herself by doing the settlers' laundry work.

The stage station was supplied with meat by hunters and trappers who found such game as deer, buffalo, antelope, bear and sage chicken.

We are tremendously indebted to Mrs. Patterson for a most interesting hour, shall view our Rock Springs with a new interest and again acknowledge our indebtedness to the pioneer teacher.

(Continued from page 18)

atus used in business districts uses two hundred and fifty gallons of water per minute, while the apparatus for residential districts uses one hundred and seventy-

five gallons of water per minute. Fire hose should not be laid in sections longer than three hundred feet to give maximum pressure and minimum consumption of water. The recent use of chemicals in fire fighting has greatly decreased the amount of water consumed in fire fighting.

Rain is disposed of in three ways (1) evaporation, (2) percolation into the ground, and (3) drainage into stream flow. The average annual rainfall in Boulder, Colorado, is thirteen inches, on the Continental Divide it is forty inches, and on the Oregon coast it is about one hundred and eight inches. The water which percolates into the ground furnishes water to the springs and artesian wells.

When a well is to be resorted to for a water supply, test holes are sunk to determine the width, depth and flow of the underground stream or pool. The quantity of water is found by the product of the area times the velocity. The velocity of an underground stream is determined by putting a salt in the upper test hole of the stream and by the use of an electrical device determining the time it takes for the salt to reach the lower hole of the system.

When a surface stream is to furnish water for a community the area of the cross-section of the stream is determined by plotting a true cross-section of the channel, and the velocity is found with a current meter at different depths from which an average is taken. Before a stream is to be taken as a source of water supply for a community, a gauging station should be operated over a period of the three driest years to determine the practicability of the source of the supply.

The amount of run-off of rain water is affected largely by the slope of the surface of the ground, the composition of the soil, sand and rock also being factors.

There are four means by which water is tested for impurities: (1) physical, (2) chemical, (3) bacteriological, and (4) microscopical. Bacteriology as a science made its appearance in 1876, and has added greatly to the promotion of health and purification of water in late years.



An Old-Time Hunt—Picture taken just above Sheep Creek Falls, twelve miles from Cumberland in 1903. The hunters, left to right: Charles Fowkes, Andrew Peterson, Richard Fowkes, Frank Arnold.

(By courtesy of Mr. E. C. Way, Tong, Washington)

SOME SMILES



How It's Done

First Member of Cavalry Detachment: "Lookee heah, Joe, how come you-all to teach dat der mule all dem tricks? Ah can't teach mah mule nothin'!"

Second Ditto: "Dat's easy; you-all jes' has to know moh dan de mule."

"Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great."
—Emerson.

The Golfer

"Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look! he knows us! Ain't he queer?"
"Hush, my own! Don't talk so wild.
That's your father, dearest child!"
"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died, you know, last spring!"
"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club,
But they closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see!
No place left for him to roam
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him. He won't bite you, child,
All these golfing guys look wild!"—Judge.

He Saw But Wouldn't Saw

The Lady—"Hobo, did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"

"Yes'm, I seen it."

"You should mind your grammar. You mean you saw it."

"No'm. You saw me see it, but you ain't seen me saw it."

Enthusiasm Necessary

The son of the house had made a name for himself at football at his college, and his experiences were discussed one evening at dinner when the minister was a guest.

"You know, Jack," put in the pastor, "athletics are all very good in their way, but your studies are more important."

"That's what father says, too," replied Jack. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quoting Latin the way he does when he sees me score a goal."—Exchange.

Allowable?

The House Agent—"You say you have no children, gramophone or wireless, and you don't keep a dog. You seem just the quiet tenant the owner insists on."

The House Hunter—"I don't want to hide anything about my behavior, so you might tell the owner that my fountain pen squeaks a bit."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

"Are you sure," asked the old woman, "that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?"

"Positive, ma'am," answered the florist. "If it doesn't, bring it right back."





Jacob A. Riis—a Modern Viking

JACOB A. RIIS has always been a hero of mine. Someone took me to hear him at a lecture when I was quite young. I remember thinking that he was the most wonderful man I had ever seen. I even tried to imitate his Danish accent for days afterward. Did you know that he had once tried to be a coal miner? He didn't stick to it, but it is interesting to know that he worked in a coal mine in Pennsylvania once.

But I was not in Pennsylvania that he was born, nor anywhere in this country. Near the Danish coast where the sea and the low-lying fields grapple hand to hand in every storm, and where the waves at flood tide thunder against the barriers beneath which the old vikings were buried, is the quaint little town of Ribe. This is the sea's own country. At evening, when the sea-fogs settle down over the shore, and land and water seem one, something of the thoughtful strength and patience of this country must come into the lives of the folk who live there. This was where my hero was born—Jacob A. Riis, Danish-American, afterwards author, lecturer, authority on city planning and housing problems and special friend of President Theodore Roosevelt.

It was a quaint little town when he lived there, some sixty-five years ago. Mill-wheels clattered comfortably in the little stream along which roses nodded over old garden walls and night-watchmen went about chanting the hours. All the people were neighbors. There were no very rich people and very few really poor people. All the homes were orderly, with signs of thrift and care, all about. But there was one exception, an old ramshackle house by the dry moat which had surrounded the great Valdemar Castle of the Mighty Valdemar barons in feudal days! It seemed given over to dirt, and Jacob and his friends called it Rag Hall.

Rag Hall came to fill a large place in Jacob's thoughts. It was the grim shadow of his bright young world. As he looked at the children of Rag Hall, it seemed to him that they had never had a chance. He hated Rag Hall.

One Christmas, Jacob's father gave him a Danish coin corresponding to our quarter and Jacob ran to Rag Hall with it, to Ribe's tenement—and gave it to the family that most needed it. He had been learning the meaning of Christmas and certainly it was no wonder that his heart was stirred with kindly thoughts, for Christmas in Ribe, was a time of joy and good-will to all. A teacher of mine, who was herself a Danish-American, used to thrill her pupils with stories about this wonder country. A lighted candle was put in the window of every farmhouse to cheer the wayfarer with the message that nobody is a stranger at Christmas time. Even the sparrows were not forgotten. A sheaf of rye was set up in the snow for them.

The twelve-year-old boy, little thought that the great adventure of his life really began that day at Rag Hall. But years after when he went about among the tenements of New York, trying to make things better for the children of Cherry Street, he remembered, I'm sure, where the long journey had begun.

After learning the carpenter trade in Copenhagen, Jacob decided to seek his fortune in America. He came to New York and during the ups and downs that come to the foreign-born youth, he came to know the shadows of a great city—all the miserable alleys and

narrow courts of the East Side slums. And there, boy as he was, poor as he was, he vowed that he would some day work to remove these plague-spots from the city's life. Then he became a reporter for the News Association. At this he was a real success. His days and nights of privation had been rich in experience. Something of his intimate acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of existence, something, too, of his warm understanding sympathy for every variety of human joy and sorrow, crept into his work. Something of the boy that ran to Rag Hall with his Christmas money was in the young man who wrote. He knew the power of facts too. Social workers claim Jacob A. Riis as one of them. Not long ago I heard a clergyman say that social workers got, not only their inspiration, but most of their theories from the Bible—I do not know to what purpose, but he might have said just as truly that doctors and lawyers could take their inspiration and the basic principles of their professions from the same source. But this doesn't mean that they do not need years of study to prepare for the practice of their professions. Jacob A. Riis was a carpenter, a newspaper man and a student, through years of intimate living with all kinds and classes of folks—of human nature, what wonder that he became an authority on housing needs and an able presenter of those needs! He knew the telling power of facts and soon started a campaign, through pictures and lectures, against the tenements of New York. "Over against the tenements of our cities," he said, "ever arise in my mind the fields, the woods, God's open sky, as accusers and witnesses that his temple is being defiled and man dwarfed in body and soul." Through his persistent campaigning, one of the very worst parts of New York, known as Mulberry Bend, a net-work of alleys, was bought by the city, the buildings torn down, and the spot converted into a public park.

Several years later, when Roosevelt was President, he asked Mr. Riis to investigate the conditions of certain streets and alleys in Washington. It developed that within three squares of the Capitol there was a system of alleys honeycombing a single block where a thousand people were crowded together under conditions that made a hot-bed of misery, crime and disease. That square is now one of Washington's parks.

During the time Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York, Jacob A. Riis worked shoulder to shoulder with him to make the organized charity of that city an intelligent agency for relieving suffering and putting on their feet again those who were, for some reason "down and out." He knew the city lodging house. He worked for parks and play grounds for the children. He saw that the city spoils much good material.

Many honors came to Jacob Riis. He was known as "boss reporter;" his books gave him a nation-wide fame; the King of Denmark sent him the Crusaders' Cross, the greatest honor his native land could bestow—and President Roosevelt called him the "most useful American of his day."

A Clear Case

Stage Hand: "Did you say you wanted a window or a widow?"

Show Manager: "I said window, but they're both much alike. When I get near either of them I always look out."—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Question

Rouge of two thousand five hundred years ago has been discovered near Odessa. Were there never any good old times?—London Daily Express.

Probably a Moderate Estimate

It is estimated that since the dark ages, woman's dress has been reformed only 31,674 times.—Calgary Albertan.



What Shall Your Child Be?

MRS. WASHINGTON wanted her boy George to be a sailor. Had it not been for the advice of her brother, says E. Alfred Jones, "the future President of the United States might have been an obscure seaman." Others say that it was masculine relatives who wanted to put young George on a tobacco ship. Anyhow, in the life of the great man whose birthday we celebrate on February 22nd, there is a warning to all parents: "Do not seek too soon to choose a calling for your children."

In the growing years of every boy there comes a time when he likes to play with tools and try to make things. This always seems to delight a father, who is apt to exclaim, "My boy has a genius for mechanics; we'll train him to be an engineer." Too often this becomes a fixed idea, and before he is old enough to know his own mind the boy's education has been shaped to make him into something that he should never have been.

Every mother hopes that her daughter will "have a voice." Many an unfortunate little girl, just because she sometimes bursts into jays song as little girls will do, is doomed to years of torture in singing lessons and "showing off," and to final disappointment.

It is indeed a question whether one parent in ten thousand is really wise enough to pick a career for his own child. There are experts in these matters. A certain rich man offered a great psychologist a fee of \$20,000 to study his son, decide what he ought to be and advise at every step of his education. The scientist refused to take the responsibility. Most of the vocational experts will tell you not to be impatient, to give the child an all-round training and let the decision wait until the young person can share in it.

Until then, the wisest course is the one taken by that supreme parent, Theodore Roosevelt, who, even as late as the seventeenth year of his oldest son, wrote to him: "I feel on the one hand that I ought to give you my best advice, and yet on the other hand I do not wish to seem to restrain you against your wishes. I have faith in your energy—your ability, and your power to force yourself to the front when you have once found out and taken your line."

—From McCall's editorial page.

With the Women's Organizations

Reliance—

The Woman's Club of Reliance held its annual meeting on the sixth of January. The following officers, elected last June when the Club was formed, were returned to office:

President, Mrs. R. Ebeling.
Vice-President, Mrs. L. Sery.
Secretary, Mrs. Thos. Foster.
Treasurer, Mrs. Zack Portwood.

The Club gave a children's party at Bungalow Hall, on the afternoon of New Year's Day, for all the children of the Camp. There was dancing and music and games and ice cream for everybody.

Mrs. Mabel Glasgow will continue her health talks once a month at the regular business meeting of the Club.

Cumberland—

The Cumberland Kensington Club continues its monthly community evenings which are always well attended. Hostesses for the pre-holiday number were

Mrs. Wm. McPhie, Mrs. Joe Berliff, Mrs. Tom Doells and Mrs. Bert Williams.

Tono—

The Woman's Community Club was sponsor for the Christmas entertainment. Pupils of the Sunday School offered the program, after which Santa Claus caused the usual excitement among the children and some of the grown-ups, too. The women of the Club report that the only disappointed ones were Charles Friend and John Isarson, who had both fondly expected a Buick car as per habit dating back to 1910.

Winton—

Mrs. Mabel Glasgow, State Department of Health nurse, meets the Health Club every second meeting for a health talk and discussion. Club members are preparing an emergency chest.

Protein Foods

By Lethe E. Morrison
Red Cross Nutrition Worker

The next one of the food groups is GROUP II—PROTEIN FOODS. Our protein foods come from two different sources,—plants and animals. Protein is an important part of all living tissue, whether of plants or animals. Plants build up their own protein from air and water but animals get their protein by eating either plant or animal protein.

The foods containing the largest amounts of protein and in the best form for the body to use are those from animal sources, such as MILK, EGGS, CHEESE, MEAT, and FISH. Proteins from these foods are much like the proteins of the human body, and for this reason it is easy for the body to use them to build its own tissues. Such proteins are called complete proteins.

A few plant foods, such as CEREALS, BEANS and PEAS contain good tissue-building material, but most plant proteins are incomplete. They are helped by adding even a small quantity of milk or meat. Bread and milk, macaroni and cheese, and cereals and milk are examples of combinations of milk and vegetable proteins.

The amount of protein needed by a person depends upon his size and age and also upon the kind of protein eaten. Growing children need as much, if not more, tissue-building material as do adults. But the most of the child's protein should come from MILK, CHEESE, and EGGS—especially MILK. A child who is receiving a pint and a half of MILK a day along with whole grain cereal foods will have his needs for protein cared for and at the same time will be getting other necessary food substances.

The body does not store protein as it stores fat, and if more protein is taken in the food than is needed at the time for tissue building, the body tries to get rid of the extra supply. If too much protein is taken continuously, putrefaction (decay) takes place in the large intestines—and possibly actual harm to the body will result. It also adds unnecessarily to the cost of food. The ordinary diet seldom runs low in protein, more often it runs high.

Nut Cake

Six eggs, 3 cups ground nuts, 1½ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat egg yolks with sugar fifteen minutes. Add nuts, flour, baking powder and vanilla. Fold in lastly the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in moderate oven forty minutes.

Sandwich Filling

One dozen hard-boiled eggs, 1 pound cream cheese, 1 pint ripe or green olives—after cut from seeds, ½ cup pimiento. Put eggs, cheese and olives through food chopper, then add pimiento and mayonnaise enough to make a thick spread.

This recipe will make fifty sandwiches.

Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Conducted by Bess Mac,

"Friendships thrive in fullest measure
Round one hearthfire's ruddy glow."

Dear Girls:

A man I used to know very well, writing in a recent magazine, tells about going to a school in Massachusetts to talk to a group of students and about asking one after another of them what they thought the greatest thing in the world was. The students said "home" and "clothes" and "power" and "money" were the greatest things in the world. But he wasn't satisfied with the answers; he said they had summed up civilization without its saving clause. He wanted the students to say that SERVICE was the greatest thing in the world. I'm not sure that he was right. Perhaps he meant that service is the expression of the greatest thing. A very great man says that love is the greatest thing in the world.

What I thought, however, as I read the story, was that there could not have been any Scouts in that school because Scouts know, do they not, that a Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others and I wanted to reprint this legend about service for you.

HEALING

How a King Found the Medicine that Made
a Princess Well

The Princess lay sick with a strange and terrible illness. All day long she tossed feverishly upon her pillows; all night she moaned and fretted and cried in a drugged and tortured sleep. The gay court noises were stilled; feet walked softly down long, darkened corridors; voices were lowered to frightened whisperings. The old palace seemed to be smothering with the silence, the crouching, choking silence of fear. The King and Queen were almost prostrated with grief and anxiety; the whole kingdom waited tense and expectant, hoping each day for good news, dreading each day the worst.

The Court Physician shook his head. "I do not know what is the matter, your Majesty. I confess it to my shame. My books tell me nothing. The Princess is organically sound, physically perfect. My skill is of no avail against this strange malady that has seized her."

So the King, treasuring a last hope, sent messengers throughout the kingdom, summoning to the Princess' bedside all those who were learned in the art of medicine or skilled in the science of disease. Came then from all parts of the realm doctors of every rank, age, and station—savants, seers, wise men from every province—each confident that he could cure the Princess.

The first doctor was a man of title and distinction, who strode into the room with a prideful air of confidence.

"Why, your Majesty," said he, "the Princess is sound in body, but of sick mind. Happiness is the cure for her; it is the only medicine that can bring her back to health. You must give her Happiness."

"Alas," answered the King sadly, "we have given her everything. In the nineteen years of her life we have denied her nothing. Her every wish has been fulfilled, her every desire granted. The Princess has had everything that can make for Happiness."

Another doctor was summoned, a scholarly, dignified man who entered quietly and spoke softly.

"The Princess is mentally sick, your Majesty," he said, after a short deliberation. "Truth is the medicine that will cure her. You must give her Truth."

"Since she was a wee babe," replied the King, "she has been taught the Truth. She has had it from books, and from the mouths of the greatest tutors and scholars in the realm. It is not Truth that will cure the Princess."

Another doctor was called, a sober, handsome youth, whose eyes held the light of dreams. He spoke eagerly from the Princess' bedside.

"She is not sick, your Majesty, except in thought. She must have Love. Love is the treatment that will make her well."

"Ah," replied the King despairingly, "the Princess had had Love in abundance—Love and devotion since infancy. It is not for lack of Love that she lies sick." And he turned hopelessly away.

But at that moment a servitor approached the King. "A man stands without, your Majesty," he said, "an humble person, giving no name. He begs to see the Princess."

"Let him enter," commanded the King wearily. "Perhaps—"

A little old man came quietly into the room, an humble person indeed, as to dress, but on his face a glory that brought light into the darkened room. He bent over the sick Princess and softly touched her hot forehead with light, cool fingertips.

"The Princess is physically perfect, your Majesty," he began, "and of sound mind. But her soul is sick—sick to its depths from a surfeited life. The medicine that will cure her is service."

"Service!" exclaimed the King in astonishment. "Would you have a Princess serve?"

"Yes," answered the old man gently. "Even a Princess. You have given her everything; she herself has given nothing. You have taught her all the truths that others have discovered; you have never taught her to seek Truth. You have given her love in abundance; she has loved only herself. Life was given to her; she has never given herself to life. Begin to teach her, your Majesty, from the heart of your own love for her. Let her know the joy of bringing comfort to the weary, of giving understanding to the sad and lonely, of sharing another's sorrow. Thus, your Majesty, will she find Happiness, Truth and Love, gain health of body, mind, and soul. There is no other way."

The old man ceased speaking and turned to go, but the King forbade him with a word.

"Wait," he said. "The medicine that you have prescribed will be bitter at first, but the Princess shall take it. I, the King, will show her how."

Then the old man bent over the Princess and clasped her hot, restless hands in his. And as the light of his countenance shone down upon her, the Princess opened her eyes, looked up into the peace and glory of his face, and smiled.

—Ruth De Pledge Burgunder, in Good Housekeeping.

Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon:

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—Lord Alfred Tennyson.



Little George Washington

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

EVERY one of my little children has seen a picture of George Washington. I am sure. Perhaps you may remember his likeness on a prancing white horse, holding his cocked hat in his hand, and bowing low to the people, or his picture as a general at the head of his armies, with a sword by his side and high boots reaching to the knee, sometimes you have seen him in a boat crossing the Delaware River, wrapped in his heavy soldier's cloak; and again as a President, with powdered hair, lace ruffles, and velvet coat.

Of course all these are pictures of a strong, handsome, grown-up man, and I suppose you never happened to think that George Washington was once a little boy.

But ever so long ago he was as small as you are now, and I am going to tell you about his father and mother, his home and his little-boy days.

He was born one hundred and sixty years ago in Virginia, near a great river called the Potomac. His father's name was Mr. Augustine, his mother's name was Mrs. Mary, and he had several brothers and a little sister.

They all lived in the country on a farm, or a plantation, as they call it in Virginia. The Washington house stood in the middle of green tobacco fields and there were so many barns and round sheds about it that they made quite a village of themselves. The nearest neighbors lived miles away; there were no railroads nor stages, and if you want to ride on horseback through the thick woods, or you might sail in little boats up and down the river.

City boys and girls might think, perhaps, that little George Washington was very lonely on the great plantation, with no neighbor-boys to play with; but you must remember that the horses and cattle and sheep and dogs on a farm make the dearest of playmates, and that there are all kinds of pleasant things to do in the country that city boys know nothing about.

Little George played out of doors all the time and grew very strong. He went fishing and swimming in the great river, he ran races and jumped fences with his brothers and the dogs, he threw stones across the brooks, and when he grew a little bigger he even learned to shoot.

He had a pretty pony, too, named "Herro," that he loved very much, and he used to ride all about the plantation.

Some of the letters have been kept and he talks in them about his pony, and his books with pictures of elephants, and the new top he is going to have soon.

Think of that great General Washington on a white horse once playing with a little humming top like yours!

Many things are told about Washington long ago that we cannot tell very well whether they ever happened or not. One story is that his father took him out into the garden on a spring morning, and drew the letters of his name with a cane in the soft earth. Then he filled the letters with seed, and told little George to wait a week or two and see what would happen. You can all guess what did happen, and can think how pleased the little boy was when he found his name all growing in fresh green leaves.

Then another story, I'm sure you've all heard, is about the cherry-tree and the hatchet.

Little George's father gave him one day, so they say, a nice, bright, sharp little hatchet. Of course he went around the barns and the sheds, trying everything and seeing how well he could cut, and at last he went into the orchard. There he saw a young cherry tree, as straight as a soldier, with the most beautiful smooth, shining bark, waving its boughs in a very provoking way, as if to say, "You can't cut me down, and you needn't try."



Little George did try and he did cut it down, and then was very sorry, for he found it was not so easy to set it up again.

His father was angry, of course, for he lived in a new country, and three thousand miles from any place where he could get good fruit trees; but when the little boy told the truth about it, his father said he would rather lose a thousand cherry-trees than have his son tell a lie.

Now perhaps this never happened; but if George Washington ever did cut down a cherry-tree, you may be sure he told the truth about it.

I think, though he grew to be such a wise, wonderful man, that he must have been just a bright, happy boy like you, when he was little.

But everybody knows three things about him—that he always told the truth, that he never was afraid of anything, and that he always loved and minded his mother.

When little George was eleven years old, his good father died, and his poor mother was left alone to take care of her boys and her great plantation. What a busy mother she was! She mended and sewed, she taught some of her children, she took care of the sick people, she spun wool and knitted stockings and gloves; but every day she found time to gather her children around her and read good books to them, and talk to them about being good children.

So riding his pony, and helping his mother, and learning his lessons, George grew to be a tall boy.

When he was fourteen years old, he made up his mind that he would like to be a sailor, and travel far away over the blue water in a great ship. His elder brother said that he might do so. The right ship was found; his clothes were packed and carried on board, when all at once his mother said he must not go. She had thought about it; he was too young to go away, and she wanted her boy to stay with her.

Of course, George was greatly disappointed, but he stayed at home, and worked and studied hard. He wanted very much to learn how to earn money and help his mother, and so he studied to be a surveyor.

Surveyors measure the land, you know. They measure people's gardens and house-lots and farms, and can tell just where to put the fences, and how much land belongs to you and how much to me, so that we need never quarrel about it.

To be a good surveyor you have to be very careful indeed, and make no mistakes; and George Washington was careful and always tried to do his best, so that his surveys were the finest that could be made.

When he was only sixteen, he went off into the great forest, where no one lived but the Indians, to measure some land for a friend of his. The weather was cold; he slept in a tent

at night, or out of doors, on a bearskin by the fire, and he had to work very hard. He met a great many Indians, and learned to know their ways in fighting and how to manage them.

Three years he worked hard at surveying, and at last he was a grown-up man!

He was tall and splendid then, over six feet high, and as straight as an Indian, with a rosy face and bright blue eyes. He had large hands and fingers, and was wonderfully strong. People say that his great tent, which it took three men to carry, Washington could lift with one hand and throw into the wagon.

He was very brave, too, you remember. He could shoot well, and almost never missed his aim; he was used to walking many miles when he was surveying, and he could ride any horse he liked, no matter how wild and fierce.

What Kind of a Boy Was Lincoln?

What kind of a boy was Lincoln?

Did he idle the hours away

Shirking his every duty,

Spending his time in play?

No, when there was work he did it,

Faithfully did it, and well,—

A painstaking boy was Lincoln,

So all the histories tell.

What kind of a boy was Lincoln?

Was he cruel and rudely inclined,

Thinking politeness quite needless,

Ashamed to be gentle and kind?

No, Lincoln loved all God's dumb creatures,

He always was ready to do

Kind deeds for the sick and the aged,

The helpless and down-trodden, too.

What kind of a boy was Lincoln?

Was he ever dishonest or mean?

Did he soil his lips with falsehoods,

In order wrong-doing to screen?

No, Lincoln was upright and faithful,

No cheat and no coward was he;

And the kind of a boy like Lincoln

Is just the right boy for me.

—Selected.

No Use for Them

A family moved into Arkansas, and as they had been accustomed to keeping everything under lock and key, they brought their locks with them. Having a substantial looking tool house, the head of the family put a big lock on the door.

The neighbors for miles around dropped in to look them over, but seemed to be in a hostile frame of mind after the visit. Finally a delegation of leading farmers called on the man of the house:

"Why did you move among us if you thought we were as bad as you try to make out?" they asked.

"Bad! Why, I have the best kind of an opinion of you people."

"Well, then why do you lock your tool house?" "Don't you know that nobody in Arkansas ever stole anything to work with?"—Prize Story in Judge.



Cumberland

Mr. Wright Walker and Seth Akerlund spent a week in Cheyenne attending a Masonic meeting.

The crowning event of the Holiday season was a band concert given by the Cumberland Band on Christmas night. The band members, with their leader, Mr. Bovero, deserve much credit for the rapid progress they have made. It has meant much hard study on the part of both, but they certainly have succeeded in having a band of which the whole community is proud. The band played several selections which were enjoyed by the audience. A number of other local numbers were also rendered.

Mr. E. R. Jefferis, Ed Priesthoff and Bill Carr have been at Cumberland store helping take inventory.

Mrs. Axel Johnson was hostess to a number of her friends on Saturday afternoon. The afternoon was spent in sewing, after which a most delicious luncheon was served. Those who enjoyed her hospitality were Mesdames Chris and Clarence Johnson, David Miller, Con Rock, Peter Boom, Wm. McLean, W. W. Williams, Bert Williams, Tom Dodds and Wright Walker.

G. E. Bullock of Rock Springs spent a few days at Cumberland during the Christmas rush.

Mrs. Wright Walker spent a week at Rock Springs visiting friends and relatives.

A number of dances were given during the holidays, all of which were well attended by the host of merry-makers among our young folk.

Mr. Wm. McPhie was a Salt Lake business visitor for a few days.

Mr. Geo. A. Brown made a business trip to Rock Springs.

Mr. J. G. Bagnell had, as his holiday visitor, his daughter, Mrs. Prior.

Miss Mabel Brown, who is attending school at Salt Lake City, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown.

The First Aid Reception given at Camp No. 2 was indeed a success. There was a splendid program and dancing.

Mr. Andy Peternell, Mr. Wm. Robinson and Thomas Robinson, Jr., are among the new radio purchasers who are enjoying the concerts of the Radio world.

Mrs. McKenzie of California is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Blacker, and her brothers, Joe and Eph. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Faddis are the proud parents of a new baby boy.

Reliance

Mr. Joe Miller is on the sick list. He has gone to Ogden to consult a specialist.

Mr. K. Tamamaha is out of the hospital and is getting along nicely.

The Relief Society of the L. D. S. gave a birthday party for Mrs. William Williams at the Bungalow January 9th. Everybody reported having had a good time and wished Mrs. Williams many more happy birthdays.

The annual Christmas program given by the Reliance school children before the Christmas holidays

was very good and was well attended. After the program each child was given a bag of candy and two small coins.

Mr. Charles Spence who was elected assessor has gone to Green River to assume the duties of that office.

The New Water System which started in November, 1924, is now completed and the Reliance people are using water from the new wells, which is very much appreciated by every one as this is a treat to the women on wash day. The water from the old well was so hard that it was necessary to use lye or some other substance to soften the water before they could use it, and it was also difficult to cook with. With the coming of the new water these difficulties have been eliminated.

Mr. and Mrs. McComas have gone to Omaha, Neb., to consult a specialist in regard to Mrs. McComas' health, which has been very poor of late.

William and Clayton Robertson were here from Farmington, Utah, to visit their father, brothers and sisters during the holidays. William has returned to school at Farmington, Utah, and Clayton will attend school in Rock Springs.

The Women's Club gave a card party on January 13th at the Bungalow Hall and a large crowd enjoyed the evening. After the card games the ladies served sandwiches and coffee. Prizes were awarded to the following persons: Miss McDonald, first prize; Mrs. Floyd Roberts, consolation prize; Mr. E. N. Nickerson, first prize; Dr. J. H. Fuhrer, consolation prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Birchard of Standardville, Utah, spent the holidays with Mrs. Birchard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McPhie. Mr. Birchard has returned home, Mrs. Birchard remaining to enjoy a visit with her parents.

The Girl Scouts went caroling through the camp on Christmas Eve and at the home of Mrs. Wm. Pryde. They were treated to hot chocolate and doughnuts. The scouts presented their leader, Mrs. Buckles, with an electric percolator on Christmas Eve.

Mr. John Reese has accepted a position in Reliance as Mine Clerk.

Mr. Hunter has gone to Rock Springs to be Material Clerk.

Mr. H. H. Hamblin is moving his family to Reliance, having accepted a position as Weighman.

Superior

The holiday season was one of merriment in Superior. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burnsmaier and Mr. and Mrs. John E. Lemon entertained delightfully at cards on December 27th.

Mrs. Wm. Matthews entertained the card club at bridge.

Mrs. Rud. Robinson also entertained at cards.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. DeNise and daughter visited Dr. and Mrs. Sanders during the holiday season.

Mrs. Joe Moser is sporting a new Willys-Knight sedan.

The Superior Guild had a very interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. McLean. Mrs. Rud Robinson was elected President for the new year.

We regret to note the death of John Sekerak on December 23.

The program given at the dedication of the new school house at Superior on January 9th was inspiring to all who attended. Mr. Geo. B. Pryde gave an able and most encouraging talk to the students. Mrs. Sheddon, County Superintendent of Schools, and Mr. Tidball of the State Board of Education brought greetings. Mrs. A. W. Dickinson rendered two beautiful solos.

This community mourns the loss of one of its most loved members with the passing of Mrs. McDill, wife of Doctor McDill, who died at the Wyoming General Hospital, January 15th. The heartfelt sympathy of this and the surrounding communities goes out to Doctor McDill and his family.

Hanna

Mrs. Frank Lehto, beloved wife of Frank Lehto, passed away on December 27th, and was buried in the Hanna Cemetery on December 31st. Mrs. Lehto had been in poor health for several months. Funeral services were held at the Finn Hall, and the respect and esteem in which she was held was evidenced by the many beautiful floral gifts, and the large concourse of friends that attended her remains to their last resting place. Mrs. Lehto leaves to mourn her loss, a kind and loving husband and six children.

In spite of the extremely cold weather, a goodly number of children turned out Wednesday, December 24th, and enjoyed the free picture show, and received candy and oranges, presented by the Store and Mine Departments.

Radio fans listening in Sunday evening, December 21st, were delighted to receive the message and Bible lesson broadcasted by Mrs. Carl R. Gray, from Station WOAW, Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Gray is a wonderful and forceful speaker, and we all enjoy her Sunday evening program very much. We are hoping she may visit Hanna when she comes west again.

Dr. Crandall has just returned from a visit with friends at Salt Lake and other Utah points.

The Christmas tree entertainments, given by the Knights of Pythias, and Episcopal and Methodist churches and also the Colored Baptist and Catholic churches were well attended, and the children of the community made happy by the beautiful and useful presents distributed by Santa Claus.

Mrs. Jasper McLennan and son, Benjamin (Mickey) of Superior, spent the Christmas holidays with Mrs. McLennan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler.

Uncle Rob and Aunt Hanna Cardwell are rejoicing over the arrival of a grandson at the home of Mr. and Henry Cardwell at Pedro, Wyo.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reidsel of Laramie spent Christmas with Mrs. Reidsel's mother, Mrs. T. D. Mangau.

Miss Etta Dodds who is teaching at the Sederlin School House at Elk Mountain, spent the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. T. D. Mangau.

Mrs. James Attyrdo is reported quite sick at her home in No. 2 camp. Her many friends wish for her a speedy recovery.

A. T. Henkell spent Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, December 28, 29 and 30th with us in connection with his work as Assistant General Master Mechanic.

Frank Rider, Pumpman at No. 4 Mine, has been confined to his home for several days on account of sickness.

Our old friend, Thomas Cook, has been absent from work for several days because of illness.

Peter Cotsifakis, a Greek miner, met with a painful, but not serious, accident in No. 2 Mine December 30th, and will be confined to the hospital for some time.

Earl Dupont, formerly of Dawson, New Mexico, and Superior, Wyoming, arrived here December 30th and has accepted the position of Mechanical Loader Foreman at No. 4 Mine, assuming his duties January 1st. We are pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Dupont and family to our community.

Mr. E. H. Martin has severed his connections with the Hanna Bank and, with his family, will locate in Denver, Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. Martin and son, Donald, made many friends during their residence here who regret their going.

E. R. Henningsen, our Electrician, with his wife and baby, spent the Christmas holidays at Oakland, Cal.

The new Methodist church is nearing completion and is a very imposing structure, making a decided improvement on Church street.

Dean West of the Episcopal Church at Laramie officiated at the Communion and Baptismal Services, held at the Episcopal Church here on Sunday, December 28th. Rev. S. L. Morgan assisted.

The Annual Ball given under the auspices of Rathbone Lodge No. 14, Knights of Pythias, at the Opera House on December 31st, was well attended and was voted by all present the event of the season.



New Colored Baptist Church at Hanna with the Congregation that attended the Dedication Service.

(Picture by courtesy of Mrs. Charles Brooks)

Rock Springs

Miss Eugenia Brooks has returned from Denver, where she has been attending school the past six months.

Mrs. C. N. Waller and son, of Salt Lake City, spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Darling.

James Burt, who recently injured his hand in No. 8 Mine, has left for his home in West Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Mary Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Moon, was injured in an automobile accident in Kemmerer recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Medill and son, of Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Darling.

Fred Macdonald has returned to school in Denver after having spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. V. Macdonald.

Sam Morganti has moved into the house recently vacated by Clyde Sheppherd, on Tenth street.

Robert Medill, brother of Matt Medill, has returned to Rock Springs and is employed in No. 4 Mine.

Mrs. Nellie George and son, of Superior, spent Christmas with Mrs. George's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Whalen.

Mrs. William Williams is recovering from a sick spell.

Claude Mitchell has moved into the house on Tenth street recently vacated by Joe Russell.

Jack Ramsey has left for Cheyenne to attend the State Legislature.

Theodore Clark has returned to Salt Lake City after having spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clark.

George Krichbaum is recovering from an injury to his foot, received while at work in No. 8 Mine.

Mrs. Elmer Moffitt has been visiting with relatives in Green River.

Pete Pernich has been confined to his home with an injured foot, caused by striking it with a pick, while at work in No. 4 Mine.

Joe Stekola had the fingers of his left hand badly lacerated by a fall of rock in No. 4 Mine.

Arthur Anderson, of the Accounting Department, is back at his work after having recovered from an automobile accident which occurred the later part of December.

Mrs. E. S. Brooks has moved to Green River where she has taken up her duties as county treasurer.

Mrs. Fred Carleson and daughter have returned to their home in Idaho Falls, Idaho, after having spent Christmas with Mrs. Carleson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Iredale.

Mrs. Dave Eecher is a patient at the Wyoming General hospital.

Alex Christie has accepted a position in the power-plant of the Central Coal and Coke company.

Vestor Matson and family have moved into the house vacated by Alex Christie, on Fourth street.

Harry Clark, Jr., has been confined to his home with a severe case of la grippe.

Mike Renuie has returned to work after having been home ill the past month.

Mrs. Guy L. Stevenson is recovering from an attack of la grippe.

Lee Davenport was recently employed in No. 2 Mine.

Frank Parton of the Company Store has accepted a position in the Company Store at Superior.

Winton

A successful farewell party was given Saturday evening, January 10th, at the Opera House, the occasion being the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jackson. Luncheon was served at the Irko boarding house, where every one ate each other's sandwiches. As the party drew to a close Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were presented with useful gifts as tokens of remem-

brance from their many friends. The good wishes of the Camp go with them.

Mr. J. W. Merrill, formerly our engineer, has accepted the position of Safety Inspector, recently left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Alfred Jackson, in No. 7 Mine. Mr. Merrill's success as an engineer shows him to be well fitted for this position.

Mr. Merle L. Templeton of Rock Springs and agent for Radios, favored Megath radio fans with selections from the more prominent broadcasting stations on Thursday evening, January 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hochguetel are now residing in Denver, Colo., where Art is taking a vocational course given by the government to disabled veterans.

At a recent meeting of the County Commissioners, Mr. E. J. McEntee was reappointed Justice of the Peace.

A special school board meeting was held in Supt. Redshaw's office Wednesday evening, January 7th. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss the matter of issuing bonds for the construction of a suitable school at Reliance.

Smoking rules in and around Winton mines are in effect. As a safety precaution this measure will be rigidly enforced. "Safety" Tom Gibson has posted numerous signs to this effect and strict compliance is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Charter left on January 3rd for Tampico, Mexico, where they expect to locate permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jackson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Redshaw and family at a New Year's dinner.

Mr. E. B. McViears, electrician at Rock Springs, has been with us during the first part of January making electrical tests and surveys in and around the mines.

Miss A. Griffiths of Idaho has been added to the teaching staff. The over-crowded condition of the school made it necessary to employ a fourth teacher. Although basket ball practice has been discontinued to meet this arrangement, plans are being made to provide a building for this purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. John Young are delighted over the birth of a girl, born December 26th, 1924.

A baby girl was born at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mason on December 30th, 1924.

Dr. M. M. Cody is wearing the smile that won't come off. He is the proud father of a boy born January 10th, 1925.

Tono

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. King motored to Rainer, Oregon, to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

The Misses Marion Mapletorpe and Anne Walker, teachers in the local schools, have returned after spending the holidays with their parents.

Miss Myrtle Cowell of Seattle is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Murray and daughter, Jean, were guests of Centralia friends over a recent week-end.

Mrs. E. C. Way has been quite ill, but is now fully recovered.

Grandma Murray is able to sit up after having a severe attack of gastritis.

Miss Elizabeth Peterson has returned to her school at Dahlia, Wash., after a brief vacation. The distance travelled by Miss Peterson is comparatively short, but requires all the known methods of transportation excepting the airplane, the latter being the more feasible in summer for a few miles along the Columbia River.

Abe Howard and Bill Medill were guests of the latter's mother at Buckley, Wash., during the holidays.

Grandma Lindsay is visiting friends and relatives at Issaquah.

Miss Florence Nicholson, a teacher in the Little Rock Schools, was the guest of her parents during Christmas week.



Why—Oh Why?

For the first time in the history of Tono the mine whistle failed to bid farewell to the old year and hail the new.

The Community Club gave a dance New Year's Eve for employes and their invited guests. Noisemakers, serpentine and gaily decorated caps were presented to all.

Uninvited guests at the last regular meeting of the Ladies' Community Club caused considerable commotion. It seems that a group of mice decided to play hide and seek across the floor and into the old piano and, there being insufficient tables to hold all the members at one time, the situation was quite dramatic.

We are all very much pleased to note a new piano at the Hall. Let's hope measures will be taken to protect it from the mice.

The Community Club has passed a Resolution protesting against the removal of local passenger service to Centralia. The Local Union is circulating a petition to the same effect in conjunction with the Centralia Chamber of Commerce.

The school bus was loaded with Boy Scouts and used to help make the Tono-Bucoda road passable.

George Barber narrowly escaped being burned to death recently. He was using a lighted carbide lamp in his garage and in some unaccountable manner a pail of gasoline and oil became ignited and fell on him. He sustained very painful burns about the leg and has been off work for three weeks.

The Tono Musical Club enjoyed a social evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Haun on Friday, January 17th. About fifty guests spent a pleasant evening in games and stunts, after which a delicious lunch was served.

Pas. Landa had the misfortune to wreck his new coupe on the notorious Turvay Hill adjoining Tono. No one was injured.

The Months

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow,

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again,

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

—Sara Coleridge.



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CONDENSED STATEMENT

OF

The First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

At the close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 891,162.19	DEPOSITS	\$1,695,012.82
Liberty Bonds	100,000.00	Circulation	100,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds	135,085.00	Capital	\$100,000.00
Bonds, Warrants and Securities.....	68,885.61	Surplus	75,000.00
Banking House	169,985.80	Profits	3,683.62
Furniture and Fixtures	27,788.91		178,683.62
Real Estate Owned	18,936.54		
Cash on hand, due from banks and			
U. S. Treasury	561,851.39		
	<u>\$1,973,696.44</u>		<u>\$1,973,696.44</u>

Actual Cash Reserve31.3 Per Cent
 Stocks and Bonds Reserve17.0 Per Cent
 Available Reserve48.3 Per Cent

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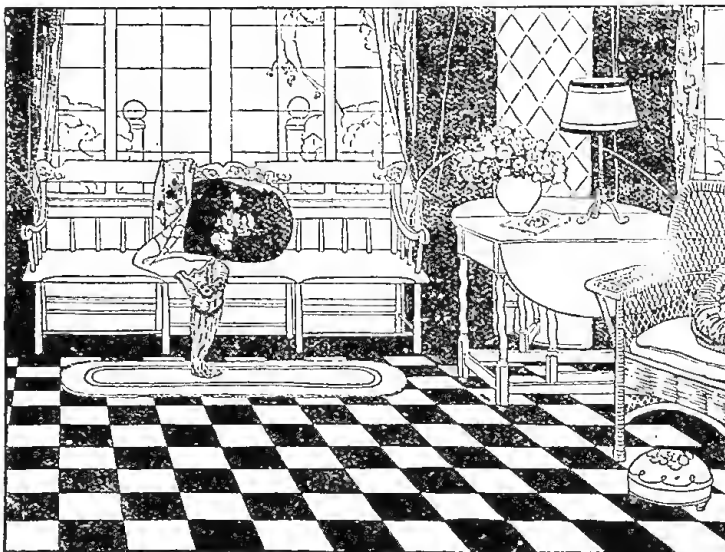
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